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Literature

"Essays Speculative and Suggestive"

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THE CURIOUS FELICITY and dædal beauty of the late J. A. Symonds's diction caused most readers to forget to search for any philosophical or consistent principles that might underlie his literary criticisms. For example, after reading a passage like this:—"I would rather say that in the clanging periods of Roman eloquence, in the solemn march of Livy's narration, in the stabbing epigrams of Tacitus, in the swollen torrent-cry of Juvenal's invective, in the oceanic ebb and flow of Lucretian hexameters, the stubborn nudity of Latin clothes itself with gorgeous paludaments, which it wears like a conqueror, and trails in the dust of the Imperial City like a general on his path to Capitoline Jove"; or this, on the Vulgate version of the Song of Songs:—"Like the breaking of an alabaster box of precious ointment, like the tossing up of heavy perfumed censers; so the penetrating odours of this prose, artless in style, oppressive in passionate suggestion, float abroad through all the convents and the churches of the centuries to come, laden with languors of mystic love, pregnant with poetry undreamed of on the banks of the Tiber or Illissus. The Latin of Canticles aspires toward music, and will exhale in sound when Palestrina wakes the master art of modern times"—who, after reading such passages, will retain enough of the critical disposition to enquire, "is this man a Spencerian or an Hegelian, a Presbyterian or a Plymouth Brother?" In the book before us Mr. Symonds made his act-of-faith. He frankly tells us that, while he has come to think of all things from the standpoint of development, of evolution, this has not for him "eliminated the conception of a Deity or effaced the noble humanities secured to us by many centuries of Christian faith." Apart from this personal and religious aspect of Mr. Symonds's mind, we are interested in his application of the theory of evolution to the criticism of literature and art. We already anticipate from his announcement what the result must be. The theory is not for him a ground-plan, or a framework, but a living tree. Every work is to be studied as a fruit of its own branch and proper season. We are not called upon to place Homer and Tasso side by side and choose between them. Mr. Symonds may have disliked rococo as much as Vernon Lee likes it, but he will not disparage rococo, or cinquecento, or della Cruscan, so far as each realized itself. He may prefer plain-song to a mass of Conconi, but he recognizes that each has its well-defined place in the world of music. The question is, does either completely fulfil its functions? Goethe's canon of criticism, "*Im Ganzen, Guten, Schönen, resolut zu leben*," came to Mr. Symonds as a revelation of the true law of criticism; so he learned to see life steadily and to see it whole. Therefore the term which can best describe the quality of his criticism is the German, untranslatable, "Allgemeinheit."

In reading over these essays, one is struck with the eclecticism of their author. He is not blind to the lurid splendors of the Gothic spirit; the clear heavens of Hellas and the marbles of Praxiteles he fully appreciates; Heine and the Lay of the Nibelungs charm him; but perhaps most of all is he susceptible to the subtle beauties of Italian Humanism and the Renaissance. Though he will not confess that he derives more pleasure from Botticelli than from Landseer, we think that such is the case. This is a volume that one will often read over, for it is inspiring and full of leading ideas. Throughout the chapters runs the dominant idea of living development, of the evolution of that wisdom,

which, as the ancient Chokmah writing has it, "was set up for everlasting, from the beginning, or ever the earth was." The larger thoughts about literature and life, as they crowd these pages, show the writer to have been a man of deep feeling and genuine seriousness. From his Alpine exile he looked out upon all the turmoil of our day, and not in the temper of a dilettante, or of a cynic. He dwelt on calm heights above the querulous complainings of an Ovid or the anathemas of a Victor Hugo. He had not the morbid malice of a Heine or the despondency of a Matthew Arnold. Mr. Symonds was an optimist. With approval he quotes the prayer of Cleanthes:—"Lead Thou me, Zeus, and thou, world's Law, whithersoever I am by you appointed to go; for I will follow unreluctant; and yet should I refuse through evilness up-grown in me, none the less I shall surely follow." He sees that through all things one increasing purpose runs. This gave him a zest for work unto the end, and a marked and noble unity to all his thoughts. In the reviewer's opinion, the writings of Mr. Symonds will have a high and permanent place in the literature of this end of the nineteenth century.

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"WITHOUT BEING so presumptuous as to hope to emulate the rich humor, pathetic tenderness and admirable taste which pervade the works of my accomplished friend, I felt that something might be attempted for my own country of the same kind with that which she has so fortunately achieved for Ireland," wrote Scott in the "Postscript" that served as a preface to his "Waverley," and in these lines he referred to "Castle Rackrent," "The Absentee" and "Ormond." It is somewhat disappointing to find that from the present edition—which has been published in London by Dent—the first and most widely known of these three novels has been omitted. It is true, the biographical introduction to "Belinda" (Vols. I. and II.) states that "neither 'Moral Tales for Young People,' nor the 'Popular Tales,' nor in fact any of the quite short stories come within the scope of the present edition, which is intended to present Miss Edgeworth as a novelist," but it would seem that "Castle Rackrent" might have been included without doing too much violence to this declaration of principles. The omission of most of the stories forming part of the "Fables of Fashionable Life," on the other hand, is fully justified by the publication of the three most important ones, "Ennui," "Vivian" and "The Absentee." But with the exception of the one grievance recorded above, the edition is all that could be desired. It has been reprinted from the collected edition of Miss Edgeworth's works, in eighteen volumes, published in 1832, excepting, of course, "Helen" (Vols. IX. and X. of this edition), which was published in 1834, and for which the edition in Bentley's Standard Novels, 1838, has been used. Each volume contains an illustration; Miss Edgeworth's unwillingness to have her picture taken must be accepted as the cause of the fact that none exists, for there are grave doubts as to the authenticity of the portrait kept in the British Museum.

"Belinda" was published in 1801, and may be considered as the author's first attempt at fiction proper. It had been revised by her much-married father, and it may be assumed that this revision did not improve it. To do justice to Richard Lovell Edgeworth it should be added, however, that he certainly must be credited with training and developing his daughter's literary abilities when she was a child, and that the original idea of the "Essay on Irish Bulls" was

his, though the work itself was written in collaboration with her. "Leonora" (Vol. III.) appeared in 1806, though it had been begun in 1803, shortly after Miss Edgeworth's visit to Paris and her meeting with the Swedish Count Edelcrantz, the man "of superior understanding and mild manners" who proposed marriage to her. It is said that the story was written for him alone, though she never learned whether he read it or not. "Ennui" (Vol. IV.) was the first of the "Tales of Fashionable Life" (1809-12), and in it, according to Mr. Edgeworth's Preface, reprinted here, "the causes, curses, and cure of this disease are exemplified, I hope, in such a manner, as not to make the remedy worse than the disease. Thiebauld tells us that a prize-essay on 'Ennui' was read to the Academy of Berlin, which put all the judges to sleep." "Vivian" (Vol. V.), we learn from the same edifying and amusing source,

"exposes one of the most common defects of mankind. To be 'infirm of purpose' is to be at the mercy of the artful, or at the disposal of accident. Look round, and count the numbers who have, within your own knowledge, failed for want of firmness. An excellent and wise mother gave the following advice with her dying breath: 'My son, learn early how to say, No!'—This precept gave the first idea of the story of Vivian."

"The Absentee" (Vol. VI.), he continues,

"is not intended as a censure upon those whose duties, and employments, and superior talents lead them to the capital; but to warn the thoughtless and the unoccupied from seeking distinction by frivolous imitation of fashion and ruinous waste of fortune.

"A country gentleman, or even a nobleman, who does not sit in Parliament, may be as usefully and as honourably employed in Yorkshire, Midlothian, or Ireland, as at a club house or an assembly in London.

"Irish agents are here described of two different species. That there have been bad and oppressive Irish agents, many great landed English proprietors have felt; that there are well-informed, just, and honourable Irish agents, every-day experience can testify."

The heart is touched by the unreserved generosity with which this loving parent protects his daughter and guarantees the quality of her literary wares:—"My daughter asks me for a Preface to the following volumes; from a pardonable weakness she calls upon me for parental protection.

* * * I may be permitted to add a word on the respect with which Miss Edgeworth treats the public—their former indulgence has not made her careless or presuming."

After having penned these lines, the noble father must have risen with dignity, preened his feathers, and looked complacently at himself in the glass. Though she was undoubtedly privileged above Miss Mitford in this respect, Miss Edgeworth, with all her commonsense and keen power of observation, seems to have been as blind to her father's foibles as was the author of "Our Village," an equally close observer, to the criminal irresponsibility of hers. The deference Miss Edgeworth paid to her father's opinions is discernible on almost every page of her "Memoirs" of his life, and it is a just question to ask whether, without his cocksureness on all matters, she would not have wrought better.

"Patronage" (Vols. VII. and VIII.) appeared in 1813, and has the distinction of being the longest of her novels. It is based on a story told by her father, and she worked at least four years on its composition. Charges were made at the time of its publication that parts of it were not from her pen, and this she denied in the preface to the third edition, published in 1815. "Harrington" (Vol. IX.) appeared in 1817, and contained the last one of Mr. Edgeworth's prefaces. It deals with the subject which George Eliot treated later in "Daniel Deronda," and was followed in the same year by "Ormond" (Vol. X). Then, seventeen years later, appeared "Helen," the last of her novels, and, with the exception of a story for children, the last of her writings.

Miss Edgeworth's work is far from perfect, no doubt; her plots were sometimes poor, they say, and she could not resist the temptation to obtrude the moral she was teaching. But her wit, the cleverness of the conversations in her stories and her wonderful powers of observation and description make

her books classics that reflect, as in a mirror, the period in which she lived and wrote. The present edition ranks with the other "Dent" editions in all that makes books desirable.

"A Wild Sheep Chase"

Notes of a Little Philosophic Journey in Corsica. Translated from the French of Emile Bergerat Macmillan & Co.

WE OWE MUCH to newspapers besides the information they give us. In the terse, vivid prose demanded by the public for its daily food, a man of brains quickly comes to the front. This most entertaining book is written by "Caliban" of the *Paris Figaro*, and there is not a tedious page in it. A book of travel that is neither wearisome, nor a repetition of what somebody else has said before, is rare. Here the well-known island of Corsica appears in a new light; its invigorating mountain air blows over one for a season. The introduction is spicy. In a Paris restaurant a whim leads the author to ask to be served with moufflon—the wild sheep of Corsica. The nonplussed waiter answers, "We have none left." A Corsican gentleman at a neighboring table overhears the request and recognizes the "Caliban" of the *Figaro*. The result is that "Caliban," introduced by this friend, joins a party formed by Prince Roland Bonaparte, a descendant of Napoleon's brother Lucien, to visit Corsica. Sailing from Marseilles, they land at Ajaccio. As they near the shore, "the perfume of which Napoleon never could speak without emotion" greets them. Says "Caliban," "It is not easy to render a smell in words," yet he succeeds. Anyone going there after reading the book will recognize it. The character of the many monuments of the Emperor in Ajaccio displeases the author. Why exhibit him prematurely as Cæsar, when one likes to picture him playing at children's games? It is Dame Letitia's marvellous son that we come to visit, the boy with the pale face and flaming eyes who was already commander-in-chief in all the battles of his young companions. Let such an artist as Rodin, free from academic rules, make a statue of the young Napoleon astride of one of the fiery Corsican horses: "it would become a kind of philosophic key for visitors." "This Napoleon is a Corsican, the other belongs to the Continent." Ajaccio is the memory of the great Corsican with houses round."

"Caliban" buys a dagger with "Vendetta" engraved upon it, and thus moralizes:—"When one thinks that the promulgator of modern codes of law, Napoleon, I mean, was born on this rock of the Mediterranean, and that its heights are at this day crowned by six hundred bandits, one cannot help being overcome by that sensation of philosophic wonder described by the word 'floored.'" The party visits La Pintica, a gorge in the mountains, six thousand feet above the level of the sea. Here two famous bandits have lived for more than forty years. No gendarme dares to attack them, for they never miss their man at five hundred paces. They live in hiding, yet occasionally entertain visitors. Prince Roland's party is invited to breakfast. They ascend over rocks and briars, finding no semblance of a path, their guide a nondescript being, called Martha, who wears both petticoat and trousers and smokes two dozen cigars during the ascent. This incident is a delicious bit of writing; one catches a glimpse of the wild life of the mountains and can almost hear the whiz of the bullet, sent by a hidden bandit, as it cuts off the top of the champagne bottle at breakfast. "Caliban" finds that the true hero of Corsica is Pasquale Paoli, who loved his nation and desired to free her from all foreign domination. The Corsicans are proud of Napoleon, but they adore Paoli.

In and out of these chapters the moufflon flits. They chase his shadow over all the mountains, but he never materializes, and the author finishes his hunt on this wise:—"And the Moufflon? Alas! But what does it matter? Besides, listen to this. The year after our delusive chase, I was in Amsterdam one day; not knowing what to do with my body, my soul being given to Rembrandt, I went to the zoölogical garden to distract it, and the first object which

attracted my attention was 'The Corsican Moufflon!' The illustrations of the book are exceedingly dainty, but to whom we owe them, or what sympathetic mind translated this charming book, we are not informed.

"The Village Rector"

By Honoré de Balzac. Translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley. Roberts Bros.

THERE ARE village rectors and village rectors. The one type, so beautifully depicted in Chaucer's "Prologue," has formed since old Geoffrey's day the loveliest picture of ideal rectorship: a man who first practised and then preached, who loved his Master and his fellows, and resembled the saintly curates of our day, such as William Barnes or Kingsley, in the beauty of their lives and the perfectness of their Caedmon-like deaths. And then, on the other hand, the type portrayed in the sixteenth century by the mocking pen of Clément Marot, in the person of the delectable Frère Lubin:—

"Il presche en théologien :
Mais, pour boire de belle eau claire—
Faites-la boire à vostre chien !
Frère Lubin ne le peut faire."

This amiable friar ran the streets, robbed the poor, told lies and withheld debts: a virtuous emanation of the reign of François Premier not unknown, in his earlier form, to Chaucer, but not lovingly delineated by him.

Of the two types (the former of which is so tenderly depicted in Victor Hugo's glorious bishop), Balzac has chosen the first, and Vol. XXVI. of Miss Wormeley's translations makes an admirable companion-piece to his "Country Doctor." Philanthropy is the basis of both books, the physician of the soul vying with the physician of the body in making beautiful the feet of those who love their fellowman. There is no vague humanitarianism in either volume: "The Village Rector" glows with Christian faith, not with Comtist abstractions, and the religion breathing and burning from every page is that of old, immemorial France. In its lines the Catholic faith is seen in all its grandeur and austerity, and also in all its fairness. One overlooks the unevennesses of the volume, the interrupted plot, even the prosy letters, in view of the extreme beauty of the episodes, the depth of the insight, the nobility of the self-sacrifice and the almost sublime scene of Madame Graslin's death-bed repentance, which lingers in the memory with that of the Rev. Arthur Dimmesdale. It is one of those matchless bits of "Provincial Life" which Balzac alone saw and knew how to interpret. A loveless marriage, a brace of old misers, a young lover mad with passion, a young wife misled by her roving imagination, a village curate full of the love of God, intervening just as the whirlwind of guilt reaches its culmination: who but Balzac could arrange a masterpiece out of such broken bits of human life? How can the French make and then read such books without reforming their whole hideous theory of marriage, which leads up to such crimes as Madame Graslin's? A hundred times Balzac has touched upon this theory, which is worthy of the *anthropophagi*, and every day and hour it is bringing sin and suffering into existence.

"Labour and the Popular Welfare"

By W. H. Mallock. Macmillan & Co.

THE AIM OF THIS WORK is to show, in opposition to the socialists, that the chief agent in production is not labor but "ability"—by which the author means the work of inventors and industrial managers,—and to warn the laboring classes that, if they strip the men of ability of the wealth which is their natural reward, they will lose the services of the men themselves. Mr. Mallock maintains that the vast increase in the wealth of the United Kingdom during the present century is due entirely to "ability," labor being no more efficient now than it was a hundred years ago; and he maintains that, "except within very narrow limits, labor is in its very nature not progressive at all." All industrial progress being thus due to ability, Mr. Mallock argues that the excess

in the wealth of England to-day over that of a hundred years ago has been produced entirely by the men of ability, and consequently that they are entitled to the whole of it. At the same time he points out that the laboring classes have already obtained a part of that increased wealth, and with some inconsistency, as it seems to us, wishes to contrive some means by which they may obtain more, though he does not suggest any of much practical importance.

That there is much truth in what Mr. Mallock says, every economist will at once recognize, and it is a kind of truth which socialists are apt to overlook; but there is also much confusion of thought and paradox. What he calls ability is merely a higher kind of labor; he has failed entirely in his attempt to show that it is something essentially different. Moreover, he ignores or overlooks certain kinds of ability which are not only of great importance in themselves, but of the highest efficiency in the production of wealth: the ability of the great thinkers and moralists, to whom the intelligence and morality of the community are primarily due, and that of the great statesmen, who are the chief agents in providing the liberty and security without which production could not go on. Nor is it true that ordinary labor is wholly unprogressive, though it does not progress so fast as the higher power of intellect. Moreover, there is some strange defect in Mr. Mallock's moral insight; else he would not make such remarks as the following:—"The practical question, therefore, for the mass of the population resolves itself into this: what is the extent to which ability can be mulcted of its products without diminishing its efficacy as a productive agent?" "Might—the might that can sustain itself, not the brute force of the moment—will always form in the long run the practical rule of right." Such principles are not likely to be effective in checking socialism, which is Mr. Mallock's professed object in this book. His main thesis embodies an important truth; but his exaggerated view of it, and his paradoxical mode of statement are, we fear, better adapted to rouse opposition than to win assent.

New Books and New Editions

REMBRANDT, his life and work, occupy the attention of the world more to-day than they have done at any time during the two hundred years that have passed since his death. The study of his genius began in Holland in the middle of this century, and spread to England, Germany and France, each of which countries has given him biographers who, in erudition, admiration and zeal for the master, vie with those of his own nationality. Rembrandt's industry, which produced works whose number is even yet not accurately known, helped to spread the fame of his talent, for in all the great galleries of Europe, in all its great private collections are found products of his brush, all touched with that mystic half-dark which surrounds even his most prosaic subjects and models with a poetic, semi-Oriental atmosphere, though it was but the faithful rendition of the misty greys of the rainy Northern Lowlands. Rembrandt's fame begins with Saskia his wife and ends with her death. Her portraits are more widely known than any of his other paintings, and, in the year he lost her, he produced his masterpiece, commonly called "The Night Watch." Of his home life but little is known, and it cannot be said that Mr. Charles Knowles Bolton has added anything new to our knowledge of it in his "Saskia, the Wife of Rembrandt." He gives a sketch of the times, of Rembrandt's birth, youth and early surroundings, gives Saskia's genealogy and the history of her brothers and sisters, and adds some general information on the historical events of the period. The book is simply a compilation, from easily accessible sources, of all the known facts in Rembrandt's private and artist life, interestingly woven around Saskia's portraits, their history, authentic and legendary, their artistic value and significance as expressions of his domestic happiness and her influence upon his genius. The volume contains reproductions of the principal Saskia portraits, a copy of her will, a genealogy of the Ulenburgh family, to which she belonged, a list of the "etchings of Saskia," a bibliography and an index. It is not a serious work, but will prove profitable as well as pleasant reading to all who wish to gain a general knowledge of the great Dutchman's life and surroundings, and of the significance of his art. (T. Y. Crowell & Co.)

MR. HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH'S "Zigzag" Series has been deservedly popular with the young folk, more than three hundred thousand volumes having been sold already. The fifteenth vol-

ume is "Zigzag Journeys on the Mediterranean," and its main purpose is "to explain the consular service of the United States, and to relate those curious stories which are often told in the consulates of the East," and which resemble the tales of the "Arabian Nights." The lands bordering on the Mediterranean are also well described and copiously illustrated by woodcuts of varied size and merit—most of them, however, very good in their way. Some are not referred to in the text, and the titles of a few are amazingly inaccurate. One, for instance, is labelled "Sciollo and Colleoni, Venice," being a picture of the famous statue of Colleoni and the façade of the "Scuola di San Marco," or School of St. Mark, now used as a hospital. Elsewhere Italian suffers more or less, as in "Loggia di [dei] Lanzi," and Latin likewise, as in "Cecilia Matella." The view of the "Baptistery, Duomo, and Campanile of Giotto, Florence," shows of the roof of the Baptistery only an insignificant corner, and the Duomo lacks the new façade finished in 1884. These are blemishes in a book intended for the instruction of the young, which is otherwise well-adapted to serve that end. (Estes & Lauriat.)

UNIFORM with the recently published "Biographies of Eminent Persons" are the "Annual Summaries" reprinted from the London *Times*. The two volumes before us sum up the world's progress during the two score of years from 1851 to 1892. They are valuable books because they contain a convenient record of a fascinating historical period. Apart from their reference value, they are interesting on account of their contemporary tone—it is history in the making that we are reading. And yet, the writers have succeeded remarkably well in viewing their facts in proper historical perspective. It is newspaper work of a high order. (Macmillan & Co.)—"WITHIN COLLEGE WALLS," by Pres. Charles Franklin Thwing of Adelbert College, is a small volume containing ten short chapters on college subjects. There are some interesting statistics tending to prove the high standing of college-graduates in after life, but most of the papers are moral or religious in tone. The high aim of the author is as unmistakable as his earnestness is commendable. But his view is limited: he makes character-building the first object of a college, and religious growth its most desirable gift. This is not a truth, but a half-truth, and in it lie the substance and the shadow of the book. What is good is good, and what is too good is not good. (Baker & Taylor Co.)

THE DISTINGUISHING FEATURES of J. Howard Gore's "Congressional Manual of Parliamentary Practice" are the arrangement of topics in alphabetical order, the use of faced type to indicate the essential matter of each rule, and the "tabulated rules relative to motions." The work is based, as its title would indicate, upon Congressional practice. The omission of an index and table-of-contents will be an obstacle to users of the book, notwithstanding its alphabetical arrangement. It is not put together in a sufficiently substantial way to withstand the treatment to which manuals of practice are usually subjected. (C. W. Bardeen.)—MRS. NEWTON CROSLAND'S "Landmarks of a Literary Life" comes to us like a voice from the long ago. The author exercises the privilege of age in culling from her memory recollections of a career among writers who were famous in the first half of the century, and of whom she, as Camilla Toulmin, was not least. Many of the names mentioned have gone into history, while others, once household words, will sound strangely in the ear of the reader. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)—"THE PUBLISHERS' and Other Book Exhibits at the World's Columbian Exposition" is the title of a neatly printed little pamphlet made up in part from articles in *The Publisher's Weekly*. They seem to have been carefully prepared, and to cover all that was of note in the book exhibits of the United States, Germany, France, England and other European countries. (Office of *The Publishers' Weekly*.)—"NURSERY PROBLEMS," edited by Dr. Leroy M. Yale, is a collection of papers in answer to enquiries from anxious mothers about such matters as feeding, the teeth, sleeping, dress, travelling, colds and whooping-cough, defects and blemishes, and "minor ailments." Under these and other heads a great many cases are prescribed for, and, as there are probably few mothers who will not find their infants suffering from one or more of the ailments treated of, the book may fairly be said to meet a want. (Contemporary Pub. Co.)

LOVERS OF THE LAKE POETS and their contemporaries will find pleasure in the perusal of "The Days of Lamb and Coleridge," by Alice E. Lord. The lives of Lamb, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, Byron and Shelley contain so much of what is foreign to the experience of us commonplace, work-a-day folk that, told in the most matter-of-fact way, they seem entitled to the designation, applied by this author to her book, of "historical romance." She has clothed the skeleton of fact with table-talk and incidents based upon tradition or in keeping with known characteristics of her sub-

jects. The relations of the two principal characters are traced from their school-days to their death. Mrs. Lord has not, however, succeeded in presenting a picture of Coleridge in his private and domestic relations calculated to produce in the mind of the reader the same lenient attitude she evidently holds toward him as a man. The pathos and tenderness of Lamb's life with his sister are well brought out, and the pages are brightened with touches of the humor and brilliant repartee characteristic of the great essayist. (Henry Holt & Co.)

THE SIXTY-FOURTH volume of "The Church Almanac and Year-Book" differs from its numerous predecessors in the addition of several new features, among them being reference and index tables of the passages in Holy Scripture used in the services of the Book of Common Prayer, rules when to use the Canticles, and tables of hymns for every Sunday and holy day according to the Old and New Hymnal. The department devoted to the interests of Canada and the West Indies, on the other hand, has been omitted for "lack of appreciation." The publishers announce that, "as no annual reference book can adequately reflect and keep pace with the rapid growth of the Episcopal Church in America," they have determined to issue "The American Church Almanac and Year-Book Quarterly," of which this volume is the first number for 1894. (James Pott & Co.)—"THE PHILADELPHIA RECORD Almanac" contains everything that a self-respecting almanac published by a modern newspaper should contain, including, of course, an extended record of sport during the year 1893. The Almanac would be justified, however, in feeling a little bit humbled by the quality of its illustrations, which have been printed on paper that is most unsuitable for the purpose. (Record Pub. Co.)—"THE PHYSICIAN'S VISITING LIST" enters upon its forty-third year of publication with the issue for 1894, which can be had of all sizes and prices. The regular edition, now before us, is for twenty-five patients per day or week. It contains also tables of the decimal system, apothecaries' weights, doses, poisons and antidotes, disinfectants and other pleasing subjects, as well as a "list of new remedies, prepared specially for 1894," which looks to the layman like the spring advertisement of a ladies' tailor. (Philadelphia: P. Blakiston, Son & Co.)

The Lounger

NOT EVERYONE knows, perhaps, what is the purpose of The Booksellers' and Stationers' Provident Association of the United States, for whose benefit there is to be an "authors' reading" at Music Hall on next Thursday night. As its name indicates, the Association is restricted to booksellers and stationers, or, more correctly, to their clerks of both sexes, and its aim is to insure to each member, by a small assessment of all, the sum of \$1000 upon death, providing decent burial and leaving something for the family besides. The purpose of the present reading is to add to the "contingent fund" to take care of members during illness. The cause is certainly a worthy one, and one that should receive the patronage of book-lovers. The "readings" promise to be unusually interesting. Gen. Lew Wallace is to lead off with something from "Ben Hur"—possibly the chariot-race. If one-tenth of the people that have read his books patronize the readings, Music Hall won't hold the half of them, and there will have to be "overflow" readings in 57th Street.

* * *

IN SPEAKING of British censorship and Zola's novels in a recent *Harper's Weekly*, Mr. E. S. Martin makes a good point. "The American idea," he says, "seems to be that Zola's novels are nasty enough to be their own protection, and that it is as unnecessary to prohibit them as to enact game-laws for the preservation of crows and buzzards." Of course, Mr. Martin is speaking of the majority of Zola's novels, not of such exceptions as "The Downfall" was, or as "Lourdes" promises to be.

* * *

I FANCY THAT there is a good deal of the Carmen in Calvé's nature. I judge not altogether by her acting of the part of Prosper Mérimée's heroine, but by the stories I have heard of her from people who have met her. She seems to be altogether a child of impulse, jumping up from a dinner table to dance or to sing or to play the piano—as the spirit moves her, generous, hot-tempered, one minute laughing gleefully as a child, the next weeping as bitterly, and as soon over it. She has made the part her own, not so much by her singing as by her acting. I don't see how it could be better done. It might be better sung, but it is an acting part and she sings it well enough. Michaela is the singing part. Hers is the beautiful music, and how delightfully Eames sings it. What a pity that Bizet could not have heard his opera as it is being sung at the Metropolitan Opera House this winter. He did not get

much applause for his work, and he died young and unappreciated. What might he not have done, had he lived and found the appreciation he now receives? Not one of the younger men approaches him. The more "Carmen" is sung, the more the truth of this statement will be felt.

IT IS CURIOUS how much of a one-power performance an opera generally is. You may give an "ideal cast," but the "favorite" must be in it, or it won't fill the house. A few winters ago it was Alvary that made the season, then again it was Lehmann; now it is Calvé. Fine as are Melba, Eames and Nordica, Calvé is the great attraction. It is nothing for her to draw \$10,000 into the opera house. After all, it seems to be personality that the public is interested in. Do you remember how Campanini saved the last Mapleson season at the old Academy of Music? What a gifted artist he was, for he not only sang as few have sung before or since, but he knew how to act. His "Don José" was a wonderful piece of acting. I shall never forget him in his impassioned outburst in the last act. Jean de Reszke is fine, but he is not Campanini.

ALAS, POOR CAMPANINI! I saw him behind the scenes at the Opera House one day last week. I wonder what he thought of it all. I should think that he would have felt anything but happy—not so much at seeing another man singing his great part, as to know that he is not likely ever to sing it again. I wonder if it is better to have had a voice and lost than never to have sung at all?

ARE WRITERS a particularly gullible class, or is it that I am more in the way of hearing of the tricks that are played upon them? These columns have frequently aired the methods of Abou Ben Austin,—may his tribe decrease,—of the "sermon exchange" and other equally plausible schemes, and now my attention is called to a "Press Bureau," situated in a small Western town, which offers to syndicate the manuscripts of such authors as will send ten dollars to the manager by way of entrance fee. This is an annual entrance fee, be it remarked, for it must be paid every year. The purpose to which this money is to be devoted is not that of swelling the bank-account of the manager, but to place the author's name in the Bureau's catalogue, which is circulated to the extent of two thousand copies, thus bringing the said author's name "prominently before the leading newspapers of four countries." The italics are mine, but the countries—whose are they that look to an Ohio village to supply their newspapers with literary matter? The writer may not flood this Bureau with his manuscripts: he is limited to twenty articles, but others are received at the rate of fifty cents extra for each. Let not the writer think that he escapes scot free after this. Indeed no:—

"The membership fee is to cover a portion of the PRELIMINARY COST OF ADVERTISING YOUR WORK. This covers all expense to you. The Bureau makes such duplicate proofs of your articles as may be needed, pays postage, etc. But in payment for our services we shall charge you 20 per cent. upon the amount received for all work sold."

I know nothing about this Bureau. It may be as honest as the sun and its rays as far-reaching, but I should advise authors to beware of bureaus that exact entrance fees, and that do not give the names of the papers they serve with syndicate matter or of the authors whose work they dispose of.

I HAVE RECEIVED the following "Respectful Suggestion to the Reviewer." It is signed "The Reviewed":—

"In vain your loudest slanders:

Abuse will not avail;

No blasts upon your ink-horn

Can ever make us quail.

But when you wish to pierce us,

To have your darts strike home,

Just say we're 'conscientious,'

Or 'have a moral tone.'"

HOW EASY it is to slip on the authorship of a quotation, unless it be of the most familiar kind! In re-reading Birrell's "Res Judicate" recently, I noted such a slip in the following passage of the essay on Samuel Richardson:—"Whilst as for his books, to take up 'Tom Jones' is like re-entering in middle life your old college-rooms, where, so at least Mr. Lowell assures us,

'You feel o'er you stealing

The old familiar, warm, champagny, brandy-punchy feeling.'"

It is hardly necessary to remind readers of *The Critic* that the quotation is from Dr. Holmes's "Nux Postcænetica."

I FIND THIS nursery rhyme, "from a 'novel' point of view," in an English paper:—

"Corelli Mary, quite contrary,
How does your novel grow?
With splashes of gore and spooks galore,
And platitudes all in a row.

"Ouida, Ouida, now indeed-a,
How does *your* novel grow?
With a Princess shady, a lord and a lady,
And Guardsmen all in a row.

"Miss Edna Lyall, now no denial,
How does *your* novel grow?
With a rake reformed, a cold atheist warmed,
And goody girls all in a row.

"Mistress Ward, with critical sword,
How does *your* novel grow?
With souls forlorn, and phrases outworn,
And clergymen all in a row.

"O all ye writers of penny soul-smitters,
How do your novels grow?
With endless chatter of amorous matter,
And wedding-rings all in a row."

Constance Fenimore Woolson

THE NEWS of the death of Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson, about which there was some doubt when it first reached this country, has been, we regret to say, confirmed, and the circumstances surrounding it have added greatly to its sadness. Without being a confirmed invalid, Miss Woolson had suffered more or less from ill-health for some time past. She had had two or three severe illnesses from which she never recovered altogether, but the immediate cause of her death may be attributed to an attack of influenza, which enfeebled her body and unsettled her mind. The particulars of her death, on Jan. 24, are given in a telegram sent to her nephew, Mr. Samuel Mather of Cleveland, by Miss Grace Carter, who was with her in Venice:—

"Aunt Constance had severe influenza (grip), which had resulted, as it often does, in high fever. The night nurse left her for a moment for something which was needed. During her short absence, in a sudden access of delirium, she arose from her bed and, while apparently wandering about the room, fell through the open window to the street below. She was picked up immediately, and lived a short time, but never regained consciousness. She had no apparent pain, and her face looked very peaceful."

In 1870, when Mr. Henry Mills Alden assumed editorial charge of *Harper's Magazine*, he published in the July number of that year a short story by Constance Fenimore Woolson, called "The Happy Valley." It was her first literary effort, and it met with instant recognition. Her success was not of the sort that dazzles those who win it, that flashes brilliantly to-day and is gone to-morrow, but it was sure and far-reaching. From that day to the moment of her death, Miss Woolson was a constant contributor to the pages of *Harper's Magazine*. Her novels, "Anne," "For the Major," "East Angels," "Jupiter Lights" and "Horace Chase," all appeared there, and there was no writer whose stories were more eagerly read or who held the reader's attention more firmly from number to number—and that is the great test in serial publication.

Mr. Alden, who has known Miss Woolson for twenty-four years, writes affectionately and appreciatively of her in the current *Harper's Weekly*, from the advance-sheets of which we are kindly permitted to quote:—

"In a letter to an old friend, written last New Year's day," says Mr. Alden, "there are signs of unusual depression. She had completed the arrangement of her new apartments in Venice, after finishing the revision of the proof-sheets of her last novel, 'Horace Chase.' Sitting by her wood fire of stumps from Dalmatia, she wrote about the winter aspects of Venice just after a snow-storm, and of her walks accompanied by her little black dog Othello. There was much suffering among the poor, and her attention to cases coming within her knowledge drew her out of herself, and into sympathetic activities, which helped to relieve that loneliness which in times of physical reaction or mental exhaustion settles down upon the most courageous spirit, even when surrounded by friends. She had suffered much from illness during recent years, and had overtaxed her strength. She could write easily and with great rapidity, and the rare quality of her genius would have shown in such facile work, and would have impressed others; but she would not depend on this facility; she distrusted it, and was well on her guard against the expertness gained by habit; like a true artist, she sought difficulty. Her work was accomplished with great patience, and conscientiously finished. Some of her novels were several times rewritten, and there was not one which was not rewritten in great part.

"And, after all, though all that she wrote was read with avidity by a class not easily satisfied, though its rare excellence, originality and strength were appreciated by the most fastidious critics, yet to her, and measured by her own high hopes, it seemed inadequate; and especially in the despondency of those last days at Venice she underrated her past achievement: 'I have given up my broken sword to Fate, the Conqueror,' she writes, quoting Thackeray. Again:—'I am finishing up the fringes and edges of my literary work, for I feel that I shall do very little more. Of course, this feeling may change. But at present it has full possession of me; I am profoundly discouraged.'



From Authors' Portraits Catalogue.—Copyright, 1904, by Harper & Brothers.

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON

"But it was really to another Conqueror than Fate that she was giving up her sword, not broken, as she thought—it was too finely tempered for that, but held in a hand that could no longer wield it. Resolve was not subdued, nor the inward sense of power. 'If I could go into a convent,' she writes, '(where I didn't have to confess, nor rise before daylight for icy matins), I think I could write three or four novels better than any I have yet done. But there are no worldly convents. So I'll write my new effusions on another star, and send them back to you by telepathy.'

In speaking of her to a representative of the *Tribune*, Mr. E. C. Stedman, who knew her well and valued her work very highly, said:—

"Miss Woolson knew the common people perfectly; no one knew them better. She showed this in the Lake Superior sketches, which

were among her first productions, and she showed it to the end. The difference between her and the ordinary realists is, that they pick out the sordid side of life for representation as the only side that is 'alive,' and she preferred to look for noble, entrancing characters. They exist in real life, in common life, and she sought them out. She was an artist whose light always shone through her vase. She liked beer-gardens and concert-halls—such as they have on the Continent—and was accustomed to study nature in its commoner as well as its finer phases, but she always leaves her reader with a sense of gentleness, high-mindedness." Summarizing his recollections of her characteristics, Mr. Stedman calls her "one of the leading women in the American literature of the century."

In *Harper's Bazar*, Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster writes of Miss Woolson's literary work, giving an analysis of each of her novels in turn. Summing up, she says of them:—

"Her touch was always strong; her women were types, living and glowing with flesh and blood, warmth and vividness. Human foibles, human sorrows, human passion played a part in Miss Woolson's art—an art which was essentially dramatic and always worked up to a climax, always, too, involved her readers in a partisanship which was as pronounced in discussions of Miss Woolson's novels as though the people talked of were contemporary characters, people whom we might meet on the street or in the drawing-room, and not mere creations of an author's fancy."

Miss Woolson wrote almost to the day of her death, and the reason of her change of residence from Florence to Venice was, that she might have fewer temptations to enter into social pleasures, and more time for uninterrupted work. One of her Venetian stories appears in the February number of *Harper's Magazine*, and her last novel, "Horace Chase," left the Harpers' press only yesterday.

Constance Fenimore Woolson, who was a grand-niece of James Fenimore Cooper, was born in Claremont, New Hampshire, about forty-four years ago, but spent her early childhood in Cleveland, Ohio, and was educated at a French school in New York. After her father's death, in 1869, Miss Woolson devoted herself to her mother, spending her summers with her in the North, in Coopers-town or on the Lakes, and her winters in the South. Ten years later, her mother died. Then Miss Woolson went abroad and travelled about from place to place, generally in company with her sister, Mrs. Benedict, but often alone. In a letter written from Venice, in November, part of which Mr. Alden quotes, she says:—

"I sometimes think that if I live, and live here, I may write a little volume, not about Venice, but on the islands of the lagoons. But I may neither live nor live here." In the same letter there is the expression of a feeling of homelessness, which had grown upon her after much wandering and "Herculean labors with strange rooms and temporary lodgings"—a feeling which she thinks she cannot endure much longer. "The world has never produced a more home-loving woman than I am, yet by a strange fate I have been homeless for twenty years"; and with an appearance of playfulness that scarcely veils the earnest longing, she suggests as an epitaph to be placed upon her tombstone, "Gone to look for a home elsewhere."

Little did she think how soon she would be gone. She has found the home she looked for.

The February Magazines

"The Atlantic Monthly"

First among the contributors to the February *Atlantic Monthly* is Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. The late Francis Parkman is the subject of his poem, and the poet, his inspiration and the periodical seem to be in rare harmony. Margaret Deland and Charles Egbert Craddock continue their new novels; the Rev. Walter Mitchell begins an amusing two-part story of clerical life, "Two Strings to his Bow"; and Grace McGowan Cooke contributes a character study in "For Falstaff he is Dead." Henry Childs Merwin devotes his attention to "Tammany Hall," its methods and achievements; and there are two biographical papers of uncommon interest, "Recollections of Stanton under Lincoln," by the Hon. Henry L. Dawes; and "Hamilton Fish," by J. C. Bancroft Davis, both papers being the results of the writers' long and close friendship with their subjects. "From Literature to Music," by B. J. Lang, is an exposition of the theory of how a love for romance in literature may lead to a love of romance in music; and "In a Pasture by the Great Salt Lake" is a new study of nature by Olive Thorne Miller. Other articles in this number are "Tao," by William Davies; and "The Educational Law of Reading and Writing," by Horace E. Scudder, which deserve the attention of all interested in educational problems, but especially of teachers.

GOOD READING AND GOOD SPEAKING

Mr. Scudder shows how good reading is an invaluable aid to good speaking and good writing:—

"The first speech of children is imitative; we recognize the fact in all our attempts to teach them to talk. Whether we say sentences over to them, or they overhear the speech about them, it is all one; they form their own words and sentences upon the model that is presented. When the child comes to school, we continue the process; we set it examples to copy, we form its oral and written expression upon our own, but we know perfectly well that the child's expression is also formed upon the models which are or are not deliberately placed before it.

"Accepting, then, this great fact of imitation as the basis upon which to build our educational law of writing, see to what it leads us instantly. It is clear that we are to give the child, from the beginning to the close of its school course, the best and purest models. In our own speech we are to be clear, accurate, and, if we can, beautiful; but what a mighty reinforcement we bring when, day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year, we permit the boy and girl freely to listen to the masters of English speech! They are too uncritical as yet to distinguish in rhetorical terms between imperfect and correct English, but they are not insensible to the difference between the liquid English of Hawthorne, Longfellow and Whittier and the uncouth speech of their fellows: little by little they will perceive, though they may not put it into language, the difference between the unsullied English of great writers and the ungainly, uncultivated English of the ordinary newspaper."

CULTURE AS A SHOW THING

In the Contributors' Club a writer makes some very sensible and timely remarks on the present strenuous social pursuit of improvement:—

"Somebody attended lately a ladies' luncheon, where, as soon as the material courses had been hurried through, the guests were called upon to listen to twenty-five papers, read by as many different authors, upon the question 'How does woman best fulfil her mission?' Speaking about the entertainment the next day, I ventured to demur a little, saying that at home one read for improvement, but one went out for amusement, when a very pretty and elegant matron told me that she made it a point no longer to go into society when the entertainment consisted only of trivial conversation.

"A friend, herself a successful writer, happened to be waiting on the veranda of a country inn, when two of the inmates—one a middle-aged farmer's wife, and the other an elaborately dressed city girl—came out and surveyed the stranger. After a time the younger began conversation.

"Hem! Fond of reading?"

"Not always," replied my friend, whom I will call Mrs. X.

"I am," said the young lady, with an air of superior enlightenment. "And I think it is very improving." Having administered this crushing rebuke, she waited a moment; then inquired, "Any favorite authors?"

"Oh, I think not," murmured Mrs. X.

"I have a great many favorite authors," said the young lady, with such severity that Mrs. X. felt constrained to ask, "Who are your favorite authors?"

"The Duchess, Mrs. Forrester, Rosa Nouchette Carey, E. P. Roe and Dickens." Then, watching for some sign of recognition on the part of her audience, she asked,

"Ever heard of any of them?"

"Not of the first three, I think."

"Do you know E. P. Roe and Dickens?"

"A little."

"E. P. Roe is very popular with Sunday-schools," the young lady now explained, "and Dickens, if you can understand him, is full of humor."

"She had hit, albeit an octave below the actual pitch, what seems to me the true contemporary keynote, the sort of tone which makes it embarrassing for a modest person, who has read all his life, and thinks no more of having done so than of having nourished his body with food and warmed it with clothes, to assert himself in the face of an intention superior to anything like mere interest and amusement, of such definite aim for improvement."

"FRANCIS PARKMAN"

Dr. Holmes links together the names of Parkman, Prescott and Motley in his beautiful strophes to the memory of the first:—

"He rests from toil; the portals of the tomb
Close on the last of those unwearied hands
That wove their pictured webs in History's loom,
Rich with the memories of three distant lands.

He told the red man's story; far and wide
He searched the unwritten records of his race;
He sat a listener at the Sachem's side,
He tracked the hunter through his wildwood chase.

A nobler task was theirs who strove to win
The blood-stained heathen to the Christian fold,
To free from Satan's clutch the slaves of sin;
Their labors, too, with loving grace he told.

Halting with feeble step, or bending o'er
The sweet-breathed roses which he loved so well,
While through long years his burdening cross he bore,
From those firm lips no coward accents fell.

A brave, bright memory! his the stainless shield
No shame defaces and no envy mars!
When our far future's record is unsealed,
His name will shine among its morning stars."

"The Century Magazine"

The February *Century* celebrates the anniversaries of Washington's and Lincoln's birth with illustrated articles on these great Americans, two hitherto unknown portraits of Washington being reproduced. The Rev. John Coleman Adams contributes an essay on "Lincoln's Place in History," and Mr. John G. Nicolay the true story of "Lincoln's Gettysburg Address." There are also two "Open Letters" on Lincoln. Alma-Tadema is the subject of a sketch, with portrait and numerous illustrations of his home and work, by Mrs. Edmund Gosse; Mr. Cole treats of Nicolaas Maes in

the series on the Old Dutch Masters; and an example of Louis Loeb's work is added to the American Artists series. Mark Twain's story runs through an exciting episode; Mary Hallock Foote begins a four-part story dealing with the labor troubles in the Idaho mining regions; Herbert D. Ward tells a story of which Abraham is the hero and Ur of the Chaldees the scene; Sarah Orne Jewett is at her best in "The Guests of Mrs. Timms"; and Col. Richard Malcolm Johnson very funny in "Mr. Ebenezer Bull's Investment." There is a short posthumous paper, by Lowell, on "Criticism and Culture," and articles on "The American Tramp at Home," by Josiah Flynt; "Indian Music," by Prof. John C. Fillmore; and "Hunting with the Chetah," by J. Fortuné Nott. Of special interest are the sketch of "The Real Stonewall Jackson," by the late Gen. D. H. Hill, and a timely article on Nikola Tesla, the young Servian-American electrician. How myths grow even in this century and in this country is humorously and clearly illustrated by Mr. Washington Gladden in "The Myth of Land-Bill Allen." Edgar Fawcett, Jennie E. T. Dowe, Stuart Sterne, Ella Wheeler Wilcox and R. W. Gilder contribute poems, and Tommaso Salvini relates some serio-comic "Accidents of the Tragic Stage." There are editorial articles on "The Rights of 'Unknown Authors,'" the "Anti-Spoils League" and Municipal Reform, and "Open Letters" from Walter Camp—on foot-ball, of course—and the Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley. The illustrators of the number are Cole, Loeb, F. L. M. Pape, Francis Day, Castaigne, Harry Fenn and Malcolm Fraser.

"LINCOLN'S PLACE IN HISTORY"

The Rev. John Coleman Adams endeavors in his appreciative and scholarly paper to fix Lincoln's place among the world's immortal heroes. He maintains that Lincoln was much more than the Great Emancipator:—

"We have thus far been accustomed to rank our great President among the heroes of our own land, and seldom have dared to talk of him in connection with his place among the world's famous ones. Sometimes it has seemed to come to us that he was worthy a fame outside the limits of this land. Some rare voices have found courage to say, as Lowell said,

"Here was a type of the true elder race,
And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face."

"There is enough in his personality, so fresh, so strong, so inspiring, to justify our highest pride in him, and to make us hold up this new product of our new land, whose honesty and strong good sense, whose earnest faith and indomitable purpose, fit him to stand like a modern Aristides or a New World Cato. But when the slow judgment of the years is made up, it will take this man of the West, who led us through the fires of a terrible civil strife, and seeing how his achievement reached out to all mankind and secured the work which cost the toil and struggle of ages, will range him side by side with the men who saved Greece from Persian barbarism, and those who saved Rome from Gallic anarchy, and those who gave this continent to the free institutions of the English race."

"THE RIGHTS OF 'UNKNOWN AUTHORS'"

A "Topic of the Time" for some time past has been the rights of unknown authors as contributors to periodicals. The following editorial utterance on the subject represents the "other side" that always should be heard:—

"Has any editor ever carefully set to work to inquire into the consequences of too much editorial attention to unknown writers in the direction of wasted energies,—both of editors and contributors,—of false hopes, of injured careers? How many literary beggars-on-horseback have been started out in life by this means? How many men and women have been deflected from the natural, home-keeping exercise of their faculties, and have been propelled along paths of failure and disappointment—perhaps even of public injury?

"Furthermore, has any editor ever endeavored to ascertain what is the general effect upon literature of the modern feverish editorial quest for unknown and evasive 'genius,' resulting, as it so constantly does, in the public introduction of the hopeless amateur, rather than of the artist by conviction? Does the multiplicity of names brought to the public attention lessen the impression upon that public of the small number that truly stand for art? Nowadays many can once or twice rise to a certain pitch of excellence,—not very high, but sufficiently high for publication,—perhaps never again reaching the same plane. The conscientious editor is alert for quality from whatever source; the names of contributors are legion; and because of all this miscellaneous scramble, is not the man whose talent is strong and steady,—who is bound upon a career and not upon an excursion,—is he not less distinguished in the great mass of producers; has he not really less room and less public attention than should be his?

"Is there not much food for reflection here? The unknown author, in conjunction with the anxious editor,—forever in terror lest he let a new Keats or Charlotte Brontë slip through his tired and careless fingers,—perhaps these two together are in danger of doing harm to current literature, the former by his insistence, the latter by his timidity."

METHODICAL ALMA-TADEMA

Mrs. Edmund Gosse sketches Alma-Tadema's home-life and methods of work. He tries to live the life of ancient Greece in modern London, but:—

"The methodical ways of this painter are apparent in the arrangements of his house, and especially in those of his studio. He is eminently Dutch, even when he tries to be most classical. From a voluminous drapery down to a small pocket pen-knife, each has its appointed place in the studio: a glance at the work-table, or along the lines of folios of studies on the many-divisioned shelves, will show this; each folio is numbered, and beneath it is written, in the painter's neat handwriting, the subject matter of the drawings within, under such sectional headings as 'Greek Head-dresses,' 'Bronzes,' 'Armor,' 'Furniture,' 'Wigs,' 'Ears and Hands,' 'Ornaments,' etc. This extreme neatness, however, leads sometimes to painful anxiety; as, for instance, when some careless visitor leans against and disturbs the folds of a curtain, or crushes the surface of an embroidery; the very displacement of a chair may cause agony to the highly strung nerves, and be held to give an air of untidiness to the apartment. But with all this elaboration of the house surroundings, the every-day home-life of this painter is one of extreme simplicity and independence."

"The Forum"

The most timely among the February *Forum's* many articles of present interest is "Methods of Relief for the Unemployed," by Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell, who is a practical worker in the relief of distress as well as a student of sociology. The Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott follows with "The Personal Problem of Charity," "A Review of the Hawaiian Controversy," by Mr. James Schouler, and "The Nicaragua Canal—Ours or England's?" by Mr. Courtenay de Kalb, form the political contributions to the number; and education is represented by "Child-Study, a New Department of Education," by Mr. Oscar Chrisman, and "A Bootless Wrangle about Religion in the Schools," by Prof. James H. Hyslop. Col. Albert Clarke and Mr. Edward Atkinson write on economic subjects, the former on "The Wilson Tariff for a Deficit Only"; the latter on "The Gold Basis fixed by Commerce Itself." To this must be added Mr. J. E. Fraenkel's paper on "The Production of Gold: Is the Supply Sufficient?" Mr. Frederic Harrison returns to the attack in "English Literature of the Victorian Era"; Mr. Woodrow Wilson compiles "A Calendar of Great Americans"; Mr. Price Collier inquires into the "Income of the Professional Classes in England"; and Dr. Hermann M. Biggs shows how "To Rob Consumption of its Terrors."

THE BURNING QUESTION

Mrs. Lowell's article on "Methods of Relief for the Unemployed" is clear, short and to the point. It shows the author's wide experience, and thus sums up one phase of the question:—

"The present acute distress may be said, broadly speaking, to be among men and women who have always supported themselves, and who have done their best to provide for the future of themselves and their families; and the want in which they now find themselves is not due usually to moral or intellectual defects on their own part, but to economic causes over which they could have had no control, and which were as much beyond their power to avert as if they had been natural calamities of fire, flood, or storm."

"It is evident that, to meet this distress, measures which would not be suitable in dealing with chronic distress are a necessity. In this case, education and moral training are, as a rule, not what is needed, but direct relief of temporary and pressing needs. But here arises the danger of encouraging chronic dependence in the weakest members of the class who are suffering, and, although in regard to the bulk of them there is no such danger, these weakest members must be protected against degeneration while their temporary needs are supplied. Another danger to be guarded against is that the relief offered to those who are only suffering from acute distress, and which is suitable to them, may not reach them, but may be turned aside and seized upon by the people who are in chronic need, and thus both increase the numbers of the latter and aggravate their condition."

"To avoid these dangers, the relief offered must be of a kind which those in acute distress will accept because it does not offend their self-respect, and which will not tempt those in a chronic state to depend on others."

"Relief work' seems the natural remedy, but relief work is a very dangerous thing. * * * Relief work, to be a benefit and not an injury, must therefore be *continuous, hard and underpaid* * * *

"These conditions, so far from repelling the men and women in acute distress, to aid whom alone such work should be undertaken, are gratefully accepted by them. They wish to feel that they are earning every cent that is given to them. * * * On the other hand, however, habitual 'relief-seekers,' who are ready and anxious to live on alms, turn with scorn from work eagerly sought for by the self-supporting workingman, declaring that it would degrade them."

THE AMERICAN SPIRIT

Mr. Woodrow Wilson opens up a new line of interesting study and speculation in "A Calendar of Great Americans," and inquires into what constitutes the American spirit:—

"Before a calendar of great Americans can be made out, a valid canon of Americanism must first be established. Not every great man born and bred in America was a great 'American.' Some of the notable men born among us were simply great Englishmen; others had in all the habits of their thought and life the strong flavor of a peculiar region, and were great New Englanders or great Southerners; others, masters in the fields of science or of pure thought, showed nothing either distinctively national or characteristically provincial, and were simply great men; while a few displayed odd cross-strains of blood or breeding. * * *

"The American spirit is something more than the old, the immemorial Saxon spirit of liberty from which it sprang. It has been bred by the conditions attending the great task which we have all the century been carrying forward: the task, at once material and ideal, of subduing a wilderness and covering all the wide stretches of a vast continent with a single free and stable polity. 'It is, accordingly, above all things, a hopeful and confiding spirit. It is progressive, optimistically progressive, and ambitious of objects of national scope and advantage. It is unpedantic, unprovincial, unspeculative, unfastidious; regardful of law, but as using it, not as being used by it or dominated by any formalism whatever; in a sense unrefined, because full of rude force; but prompted by large and generous motives, and often as tolerant as it is resolute. No one man, unless it be Lincoln, has ever proved big or various enough to embody this active and full-hearted spirit in all its qualities; and the men who have been too narrow or too speculative or too pedantic to represent it have, nevertheless, added to the strong and stirring variety of our national life, making it fuller and richer in motive and energy; but its several aspects are none the less noteworthy as they separately appear in different men."

"The Popular Science Monthly"

In the February *Popular Science Monthly* Dr. Andrew D. White, after a year of silence, returns to the attack in "From Creation to Evolution," a new Chapter in the Warfare of Science. Prof. William S. Windle describes the Johns Hopkins University's Marine Biological Laboratory in Jamaica, and Mr. James E. Humphrey tells "Where Bananas Grow," and how they are gathered and shipped. The scientific basis of the legend of the Wandering Jew is explained by M. H. Coupin; S. J. Hickson writes of the "Physical Conditions of the Deep Sea"; and C. S. Ashley traces "The Relation of Evolution to Political Economy." W. Mills, M.A., M.D., writes on "Heredity in Relation to Education"; Miss E. A. Youmans gives an interesting account of "Tyndall and his American Visit"; Joseph Prestwich explains "The Position of Geology"; and there are, further, papers on "The Circassian Slave in Turkish harems"; "The Psychology of a Dog"; "Superstitions of the French Canadians"; and "The Shape of the Earth from a Pendulum." Prof. M. B. Anderson contributes a sketch of David Starr Jordan, and there is an editorial estimate of Tyndall's life and work.

THE WANDERING JEW

In "The Wandering Jew at the Salpêtrière," M. Henri Coupin points out the modicum of truth on which the legend is based. The article is illustrated with reproductions of old prints.

"There have been many wandering Jews," he says, "who have been taken for one and the same person. * * * These persons have been neuropathic Jews, possessed by an irresistible inclination to travel. Furthermore, such invalids still exist, and have been often seen at the Salpêtrière."

"The faces of all the neuropaths express suffering, lassitude and despair; a meagre countenance, salient cheek-bones, hollow cheeks, and wrinkled foreheads appear in all the sufferers and all the portraits."

"Thus, * * * the Wandering Jew still exists, and under the same form he assumed in past centuries. His figure, his costume, his manners have preserved the same characteristics through the ages. The Wandering Jew of the legend and the Wandering Jew of the clinics are one and the same type: a wandering neuropath, a perpetual pilgrim, appearing to-day, vanishing to-morrow, and followed soon by another who resembles him in all points; a third will come like his predecessors, and then a fourth, and so on. Cartophilus, Ahasuerus, Isaac Laquedem, Moser B—, etc., are children of nervous pathology. Their resemblances result from attacks of the same malady, and have an identical origin."

THE BIBLE AS THE CHRONICLE OF EVOLUTION

Dr. Andrew D. White shows in "The Visible Universe" that "the displacement of the theological and metaphysical ideas of creation by the evolutionary was itself an evolution in human thought," and thus points out "the true value of Bibles"—

"That to which the great sacred books of the world conform, and our own most of all, is the evolution of the highest conceptions, beliefs, and aspirations of our race from its childhood through the great turning points in its history. Herein lies the truth of all bibles, and especially of our own. Of vast value they indeed often are as a record of historical outward fact; recent researches in the East are constantly increasing this value; but it is not for this that we prize them most—they are eminently precious, not as a record of outward fact, but as a mirror of the evolving heart, mind, and soul of man. They are true because they have been developed in accordance with the laws governing the evolution of truth in human history, and because in poem, chronicle, code, legend, myth, apologue, or parable they reflect this development of what is best in the onward march of humanity. To say that they are not true is as if one should say that a flower or a tree or a planet is not true; to scoff at them is to scoff at the law of the universe. In welding together into noble form, whether in the book of Genesis, or in the Psalms, or in the book of Job, or elsewhere, the great conceptions of men acting under earlier inspiration, whether in Egypt, or Chaldea, or India, or Persia, the compilers of our sacred books have given to humanity a possession ever becoming more and more precious." * * *

TYNDALL'S AMERICAN PRECONCEPTIONS

In her entertaining account of "Tyndall and his American Visit," Miss E. A. Youmans quotes this letter of Tyndall's as "too characteristically English to be omitted":—

"AUGUST 31, 1872.

"MY DEAR YOUMANS: I am in the midst of my preparations here, and shall have them ready so as to enable me to start in the Russia on the 28th of September. I shall need your friendly aid in getting my apparatus through the custom house. * * * With regard to the lecture rooms, in all of them I must be able to lower the lights promptly. Most of my experiments will be projected on a screen. I purpose mixing experiment and philosophy in due proportions. I deal with the illustrative phenomena of light: the laws of reflection and refraction, analysis and synthesis, the bearing and significance of theories. Spectrum analysis and its revelations regarding the constitution of the sun. The higher phenomena of optics, interference and polarization, reaction of crystals upon light. The building of crystals. The extension of radiation beyond the range of the eye. The identity of light and radiant heat. This is a rough sketch of the subjects which will probably occupy me. I shall not know for a certainty until my preparations are complete.

"Do your audiences look down upon the lecturer? I suppose I can borrow an air-pump in New York if I need it. I suppose if they do not possess ice in Boston I can have a clear block sent there from New York. Acids, of course, are to be had everywhere. Are they in the habit of using compressed hydrogen and oxygen in iron bottles in America, and, if so, could I borrow such bottles? I am taking one screen with me, but I shall sometimes require two. Is such a thing to be borrowed? Now, like a good fellow, answer these questions within twenty-four hours, and oblige

"Yours, ever faithfully, JOHN TYNDALL."

"Scribner's Magazine"

Edward Burne-Jones is the subject of an article, by Cosmo Monkhouse, in the February *Scribner's*, which is illustrated with engravings from the great painter's works, and from two of his portraits, one by Watts, the other a photograph. Jean Geoffrey's "The Prayer of the Humble" has been selected by Mr. P. G. Hamerton for the frontispiece of this number, and forms the second of the "Types of Contemporary Painting." It is accompanied by a short study from Mr. Hamerton's pen. Mr. Joel Chandler Harris begins his description of "The Sea Island Hurricanes," his first article being devoted to "The Devastation"; it is illustrated by Mr. Daniel

Smith. Mr. Cable's new story reaches its fifteenth chapter, and "On Piratical Seas" is the beginning of a romantic narrative, taken from the unpublished memoirs of Peter Adolph Grotjan of Hamburg, dealing with his voyages in the West Indies in 1805. There are short stories by Mary Tappan Wright, Robert Howard Russell and George I. Putnam, the latter contributing a tale of army life. The poets of the number are Mrs. Fields, Arthur Sherburne Hardy and M. L. van Vorst. Mr. Ferris Lockwood writes shortly of "Mr. Lowell on Art Principles"; and Mr. James Baldwin has chosen "The School-master" as his subject in the seventh article on "Men's Occupations." He pays special attention to the school-master of primitive days in the West. Mr. Frost's illustrations are most felicitous, his picture of the "Yankee school-ma'am" being a veritable inspiration. The article on "Orchids," by Mr. W. A. Stiles, is also remarkable for Mr. Paul de Longpré's excellent sketches of rare varieties of that "aristocratic flower." "The Point of View" is devoted to heredity, "monumental trousers," "platonic friendships" and "assimilating immigration."

BURNE-JONES'S PICTURES.

Mr. Monkhouse does worthily describe the exquisite imagery of Burne-Jones's art:—



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EDWARD BURNE-JONES

"It is the fashion to be surprised at nothing, but the sense of wonder is still with us. No poet of words or paint ever appeals to it in vain, and no one has appealed to it with greater success than Burne-Jones. King Cophetua tranced at the beauty of the Beggar Maid—the Beggar Maid wondering at the love of King Cophetua; the Virgin Mary trembling with reverent awe in the presence of the Announcing Angel; the two primeval lovers, seated closely side by side in the green woodland, their souls entranced by the weird, wild figure of Pan, and the shrill, sweet sounds of his pipe; Pygmalion scarcely believing that his impossible prayer has been answered, and that his own marble statue is filled with life and yielding itself warm and loving to his arms; the "Merciful Knight" at the foot of the Crucifix from which the huge wooden image bends to bless him,—it does not matter whether the theme be Christian or pagan, it is the wonder of it that takes the artist's imagination, and gives real life to the beauty of his design. So special a quality is this feeling of wonder (reverential wonder or awe) in Mr. Burne-Jones's work, that it may be stated as perhaps his greatest claim to distinction among all artists past or present. The germ was innate, but it was nursed and developed by the great mystic—Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the leader of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood."

"A NIGHT SONG"

Mr. Arthur Sherburne Hardy's poem is drear as the woods, in February:—

"Dost thou remember, Dear, the day
We met in those bare woods of May?
Each bud a secret unconfessed,
Each sound a promise, in each nest
Young wings a-tremble for the air?
How we joined hands?—not knowing where
The springs that touch set free
Should find their sea;
Speechless, so sure we were to share
The unknown good to be.

"The woods are bare again. There are
No secrets now—the bud's a scar;
No promises—this is the end!
Ah, Dearest, I have seen thee bend
Above thy flowers as one who knew
The dying wood should bloom anew.
Come, let us sleep. Perchance
God's countenance,
Like thine above thy flowers, smiles through
The night upon us two."

PLATONIC LOVE

The unsigned cogitations on love and friendship Platonic, in "The Point of View," are so full of worldly wisdom and observation that they deserve the widest publicity. Says this anonymous philosopher:—

"Love between women and men was not invented for the entertainment of philosophers, but largely for domestic purposes; and if platonic love is to have anything better than a hazardous and unstable existence, the conditions of it must be such that it may prosper without conflict with Nature's more important ends. Thus we see why platonic friendships between young people who might marry do not endure. Such couples get married, and their friendship merges into a more durable sentiment, or else one of them marries someone else, and then it lapses. At least it should lapse, for if it does not, it not only militates against peace in a family, but it tends to keep the unmarried platonist from going about his business and finding himself a mate, according to Nature's design. It is true that there are women, and young women at that, who can contrive for a time to maintain a husband and one or two simultaneous platonic intimates. But in such cases one of three things happens: either the wife makes her husband happy and her platonic admirers miserable, or she makes her friends happy and her husband miserable, or she makes them all miserable. If by any chance or miracle of talent she seems to make them all happy, she makes society miserable, because it cannot see how she does it. And when society is miserable it talks; until finally it breaks up the arrangement. She is bound to fail, and the reason does not lie in any defect in her, but in the fact that her purpose is contrary to the economy of Nature, which has provided barely men enough to go around, and does not permit a woman who has a man of her own to monopolize other men with impunity. Every marriageable man besides her husband that any woman absorbs, involves the waste of some other woman's opportunities, and Nature abhors waste with a proverbial antipathy."

"Harper's Monthly"

MR. DU MAURIER opens the February *Harper's Monthly* with a delightful picture of artistic Bohemia in Paris, where the British heroes of "Trilby" have established themselves. Mr. Frederic Remington tells in word and picture of his sojourn "In the Sierra Madre with the Punchers"; William McLennan contributes a short story, "An Adjustment of Accounts," the third in his series; Mr. Howells introduces the ever-delightful Mrs. Roberts in a new farce, "A Masterpiece of Diplomacy"; Jean Forsyth writes of "A Singing Student in London"; and the Rev. Henry Hayman, D.D., of "Lord Byron and the Greek Patriots." This article is illustrated with several portraits reproduced from old prints. Howard Pyle has written and illustrated a parable, "In Tenebras"; and the tenth chapter in the Great American Industries Series is devoted to "A Bar of Iron," with illustrations by W. P. Snyder, George W. Breck and F. Cresson Schell. Mr. Brander Matthews's third Vignette of Manhattan, "The Little Church down the Street," appears also in this number, which contains further a new Van Bibber story; an article by Mr. Samuel H. Scudder, on those strange forms of insect life known as "Walk in Sticks"; short stories by the late Constance Fenimore Woolson and Flavel Scott Mines, and a biographical sketch of George Northrup, the well-known trapper and guide of forty years ago, whom the Indians knew as "The-Man-that-Draws-the-Hand-Cart." Among the illustrators are also W. T. Smedley, Clifford Carleton, L. J. Bridgman and Albert E. Sterner. The number contains no poetry.

BYRON'S PERSONALITY

In "Lord Byron and the Greek Patriots," the Rev. Dr. Henry Hayman throws new light on the poet's connection with the Hellenic struggle for independence. He prints Byron's last letter, hitherto unpublished, and thus speaks of his influence in the great cause:—

"In his last few months he seemed ripening into something very different from the morbid affectation and mercurial selfishness of his earlier years. His self-devoted zeal kindled far and wide a sympathetic flame of volunteer effort for Hellas, which yet depended for its sustaining fuel upon the fascinating influence of his own personality. Trelawny records:—'I think Byron's name was the great means of getting the Loan. A Mr. Marshall, with 8000*l.* per annum, was as far as Corfu, and turned back on hearing of Lord Byron's death. Thousands of people were flocking here; some had arrived as far as Corfu, and hearing of his death, confessed they came out to devote their fortunes not to the Greeks, or from interest in the cause, but to the noble poet; and the "Pilgrim of Eternity" having departed, they turned back.' Parry, too, mentions an instance to the same effect:—'While I was on the quarantine-house at Zante, a gentleman called on me and made numerous inquiries as to Lord Byron. He said he was only one of fourteen English gentlemen then at Ancona, who had sent him on to obtain intelligence, and only waited his return to come and join Lord Byron. They were to form a mounted guard for him, and meant to devote their personal services and their incomes to the Greek cause. On hearing of Lord Byron's death, however, they turned back.' The story of Waterloo was not yet ten years old, and the appetite for military adventure, stimulated by the long struggle which it closed, was no doubt ardent still among all the boys approaching manhood in 1815, and who had reached it and more by 1824. Such was the material which the impression made by Byron rallied round him, and drew them as the magnet draws needles of keen point and fine temper. They found in him a world-renowned chief, and in Greece a new field, an unhackneyed cause, freshly outside the war-trampled arena of Napoleonic ambition, a renaissant nation, on a soil glorious with the prestige of all the most brilliant centuries of ancient humanity."

LOWELL'S AMERICANISM

Discussing Lowell's Letters in "The Editor's Study," Mr. Charles Dudley Warner says:—

"Lowell could not be classified as anything but an American. He felt like an American, and he understood the Americans. He was racy of the New England soil. He liked the West, its distinctive Americanism, and he loved to sympathize with his countrymen in the mere bigness of the country. * * * No one saw more clearly than Lowell the elements of character in the American that made national greatness—he found the Westerner as calm as his prairie—and no one was prouder of what is best in our distinctive Americanism."

"And yet it must be said that Lowell had an ancestral consciousness, and that for the man, as he reveals himself in these letters, the New England background seems a little thin. To be sure, he loved New England, and his strength lay there, as his affections did, nor should he be charged with any feeling of poverty in his intellectual surroundings—he himself says that he never found elsewhere so good society as that of the Saturday Club. But when he came to know England, with its clustering traditions and centuries of accumulated culture, with the stored richness of its life, he seemed to be in an atmosphere native to his genius. He did not need there to explain himself. There was a sympathetic response to the best he could be and say. The first obvious comment on this is that here was an American, wholly a product, in education and inherited traits, of American soil, who appeared of larger proportions as a man against this rich storied background. And he felt at home. Even the climate suited him. Is there in this situation a criticism on Lowell, or on his country? Is it any discredit to a young country that one of its foremost men should seem also of the first rank in a country older and richer in the fruits of an ancient civilization? It is, at any rate, to be admitted that in England Lowell discovered aptitudes for commerce with cosmopolitan life not disclosed in the anxious tax-payer of Cambridge, nor in the professor's chair. And moving in this freedom; and in this perspective, he seems a larger man than he seems in any of his works. Reputation that endures is composed of many elements, character among them standing side by side with genius. With this man the impression he has left upon the world can be referred to no one achievement, neither that of poet nor scholar nor diplomatist. In the light of his latter days it would seem that the greatest thing he ever did was to be LOWELL."

AN OLD-TIME TRAPPER

Mr. Edward Eggleston draws a familiar but always interesting picture in "The Man that Draws the Hand-Cart":—

"On the first morning of our voyage, while Mr. Scudder and myself stood on the boiler-deck of the boat in conversation, there came to us a young man with long brown hair falling to his shoulders. He was clad in a frontier coat made of a white blanket, and reaching to the knees, with bits of red flannel sewed on instead of the ornamental buttons that belong on the back of a coat. This young man held nominally the position of watchman on the boat, but he was evidently much more than that, being Indian interpreter, ambassador, topographer, and guide through these strange waters.

"Our great surprise, next to his youth, was his diction. Not only that he did not swear nor use slang like other frontiersmen, but that he spoke in well-chosen words which had a certain aroma of books about them.

"His spare hours during this trip were spent in reading Blair's 'Rhetoric'; he was acquainted with Bancroft, Irving, Prescott, Longfellow, and Cooper, but De Quincey was quite his favorite author. I found that he was crammed with the facts of history, ancient and mediæval especially. He was the only man I ever knew who had triumphed over the formidable stupidity of Rollin, having mastered all the facts, the date, place, commander, and number of men on each side, with the details and result of every battle, and all the other useless information that men used to call history. He had gathered about a hundred and fifty volumes, which he kept in a settler's cabin near Fort Abercrombie, at that time two hundred miles beyond the lines of settlement. By his camp-fires he had been accustomed to fight over the world's battles in his imagination, until those remote personages who seem like shadows to the rest of us were substantial people to him; he spoke of Gengis Khan in the same familiar way that we do of the Queen of the Sandwich Islands."

"The North American Review"

The President of the Swiss Republic gives in the February *North American Review* his "American Experiences," from which we learn that he served under Grant and Sherman, and was confined in Libby Prison. The Governor of South Carolina comes very near the historic remark associated with his office in "The South Carolina Liquor Law"; and the Rt. Hon. Sir John Lubbock, M. P., discusses "The Income Tax in England." Margaret Deland inquires whether modern journalism is not "A Menace to Literature"; the Brazilian Minister explains the "Latest Aspects of the Brazilian Rebellion"; and Henry George has a thoughtful paper on "How to Help the Unemployed." Mr. Howells's clear, logical mind probes several social conditions and iniquities in "Are We a Plutocracy?" The Rev. Dr. Parkhurst and Mr. John W. Goff discuss "Needed Municipal Reforms"; Mgr. O'Reilly writes on "Territorial Sovereignty and the Papacy"; the Hon. C. S. Hamlin discusses "The Customs Administrative Act," and Sen. Roger Q. Mills "The Wilson Bill." Dr. Cyrus Edson warns against "The Evils of Early Marriages"; James Weir, Jr., inquires into "The Senses of Lower Animals"; Mr. John E. Leet is enthusiastic over "Colorado's Bright Outlook"; and there are notes on "The Bane of Friendly Receiverships," "Paris Workingmen's Cafes," "The Amateur Nurse" and "Cuban Women."

"A MENACE TO LITERATURE"

Having given to journalism its due meed of praise, Mrs. Deland proceeds to explain some of the evils it does to letters and *littérateurs*. She explains the meaning of "personal journalism" and its possible effect on the public:—

"But that good-natured authors do not like to say 'no' to the reporter or to the entreating letter that begs them to name their favorite flower or their plans for spending the summer, is, of course, true enough. It certainly is not easy or pleasant to say 'no' to one's brothers of the press, or, worse, one's sisters, who are harassed and haggard with efforts to get a stickful of matter to fill out a column, and round out a ten-dollar bill. * * *

"One prefers to take this view, humiliating as it is, rather than that other, held by a good-natured but practical public, namely, that it is the way of advertising ourselves.

"Yes," says the busy man, glancing at a page in a newspaper headed: 'Symposium of Authors, Upon How they Mean to Observe Christmas Day.' Yes; they like to keep their names before the public; it gives their books a boom, I suppose. Let's see: *Jane Ann Jones* means to go to church on Christmas Day; well, that's not distinguished; perhaps I'll go myself. *William James Smith*—(why do they all put their middle names in?)—will spend his Christmas with his family. That's not unusual! Well, well, poor things; I suppose it advertises their books. By the way, what did either one of them ever write?"

PLUTOCRACY

Mr. Howells teaches us to make no distinction between plutocrats that are poor and plutocrats that are rich. He says:—

"The man who follows a trade or practises an art, does so to make a living; the man who goes into business, does so to make money. These are broad distinctions, and they do not give all the colors of motive in either case; but their general truth cannot be gainsaid. No one makes money at a trade, or in the same sense at an art; properly speaking, money is not made at all in the trades or in the arts, though in the arts a great deal more money may sometimes be earned than is made in business. But business is the only means of making money, and in these days it may be fairly said that no man gets rich by his own labor, that no man gets rich except by the labor of others. Whether he gets rich or not, however, the man who pays wages with the hope of profit to himself is a plutocrat, and the man who takes wages upon such terms, believing them right, is in principle a plutocrat; for both approve of the gain of money which is not earned, and agree to the sole arrangement by which the great fortunes are won or the worship of wealth is perpetuated. * * * The fact of any man's plutocracy is not affected by his having the worst of the bargain, and it is not affected by his failure to turn it to account if he has the best. The ninety-five men who fail in business and get poor are as much plutocrats as the other five who prosper and get rich, for the ninety-five meant to get rich, with as worshipful a mind for Mammon as the five had, and they believe in Mammon quite as devoutly. So I think it unjust to devote certain millionaires among us, or all millionaires, to the popular hate, and to bemoan the immense mass of would-be millionaires who failed in the same conditions that the others prospered in."

"Lippincott's"

"The Picture of Las Cruces," by Christian Reid, is the complete novel in the February *Lippincott's*, which contains also the continuation of Gilbert Parker's "The Trespasser." Other stories in the number are "Dr. Pennington's Country Practice," by Butler Munroe; "Dick," by George Grantham Bain; and "A House that Jack Built," by Philo Andrews Tucker. Mr. Champion Bissell, in a "Study of Pawnbrokers," points out that this class of people are not as black as they are painted, and that they are in many instances helpful to the poor, even from the standpoint of the economist. Alice Wellington Rollins writes on "The Science and Art of Dramatic Expression"; and Prof. Boyesen on "Norwegian Hospitality." "Freaks" of the Dime Museum variety are the subject Mr. Charles Robinson has chosen; and the chances of young writers are discussed in "Talks with the Trade." The poetry is by Martha T. Tyler, Mary McNeill Scott, Mary B. Dodge, Lillian Corbett Barnes and Frank Dempster Sherman.

NATURE AND ART

Alice Wellington Rollins thus opens her article on "The Science and Art of Dramatic Expression":—

"Many people hold that the sole secret of the art of expression lies in having something to express. * * * Granted that we have something to express, why should it not be possible to add to the force or beauty of what might be our first impulse at expression? Granted, indeed, on the other hand, that we have nothing to express, why may it not be possible to acquire a respect for beautiful expression of repose? 'Because,' say the purists, 'nothing can be so beautiful as Nature. If you really have something to say, your first impulse at expression will be the right one. If you have nothing to say, Nature will teach you to keep silent.'

"But this is not true. Even granting that Nature is the highest type of the beautiful, it is to be remembered that Nature has been corrupted for a series of generations, till it is next to impossible for us to say what really is Nature, and what is simply the result of an accumulation of ancestral and personal bad habits. But it is not even true that Nature was ever the highest type of what is beautiful. Art that is unnatural is not beautiful; but that does not prevent it from being true that art which is natural may add to Nature a beauty not her own. 'He took the visible for a model, added to it subtle graces that came from himself, and so was an artist,' wrote one who was not intending to define art. The old cobbler in one of Macdonald's stories cannot reconcile the loose ends of unfinished purposes, unfortunate conditions, unfulfilled promises, that exist in a world supposed to be created by a good God, till his little girl suggests, 'Perhaps, father, God thought we would like to have Him leave something for us to do.' Art is what God has left man to do with Nature."

NORWEGIAN HOSPITALITY

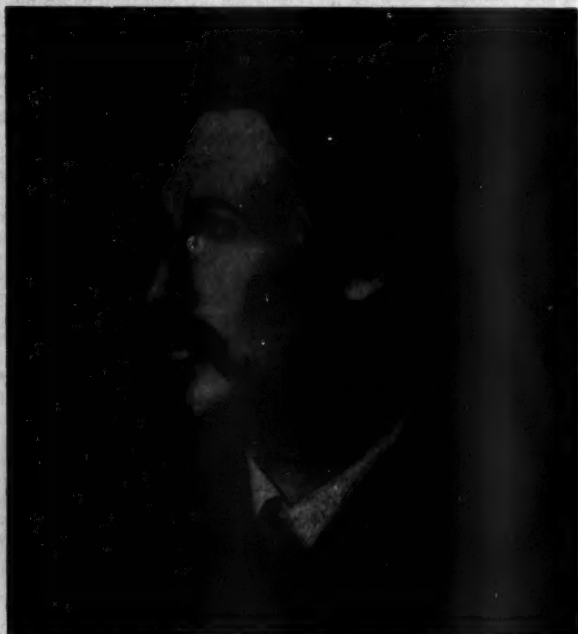
Prof. Boyesen's reminiscences of his childhood are as delightful to the reader as he declares them to be to himself:—

"With delightful vividness I remember sitting in the prow of my

grandfather's cabin-boat, rowed by twelve sturdy oarsmen, when he sailed forth in state, twice a year, to hold court in the various districts of his circuit. The colonel who lived a day's journey from our place always stood on his pier, with a telescope in his hand, watching for that cabin-boat, and when it hove in sight he ran up his flag as an invitation to the judge and his retinue to spend the night under his hospitable roof. And thus we continued from day to day and from week to week our triumphal progress from place to place, in one fjord and out another; being always sure of two or three hospitable flags waving their invitation to us between noon and sundown. Often, when the weather was bad, we were urged to stay over two or three days in one place, with all our oarsmen, and they were housed and fed without money and without price, and, what is more, without producing the least ripple of disturbance in the household. There was something truly magnificent about the hospitality of those days. The silver—twice or thrice as much as was used—was piled high on the table, in order to show the dignity and the resources of the family; and there was an air of quiet prosperity and abundance which was twice as impressive as the breathless competition in senseless luxury of modern times."

"McClure's Magazine"

A portrait of Robert Louis Stevenson, with autograph, forms the frontispiece of *McClure's Magazine* for February, which contains also the first three chapters of Mr. Stevenson's new South Sea story, "The Ebb Tide." The "Human Docu-



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ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

ments" of the month consist of eight other portraits of Mr. Stevenson, five of Hamlin Garland and five of Philip D. Armour. There is an article on the latter's "manner of life and his immense enterprises in trade and philanthropy," by Arthur Warren; Mr. Garland records a "Real Conversation" with James Whitcomb Riley; and Miss Ida M. Tarbell gives an account of the erection of "The Observatory on Top of Mt. Blanc," with numerous illustrations. Edward Wakefield treats of "Nervousness: the National Disease of America"; and Robert Barr contributes a short story.

MR. STEVENSON IN PORTRAITS

It is most trying to manly pride to be confronted with the photographs of childhood; but according to the "Human Documents" available in his case, Mr. Stevenson was a lovely baby at 20 months; a bold little Highlander at six years, and a studious-looking chap at fourteen. Beginning with his twenty-first year, the portraits show the gradual development of the features and expression seen in his latest picture.

MR. RILEY'S KNOWLEDGE OF FARM LIFE

Mr. Hamlin Garland's conversation with Mr. James Whitcomb Riley is full of touches that reveal the true nature and character of

the poet of "The Old Swimmin' Hole." Of his farm life Mr. Riley says:—

"All I got of farm life I picked up right from this distance—this town—this old homestead. Of course, Greenfield was nothing but a farmer town then, and besides, father had a farm just on the edge of town, and in corn-plantin' times he used to press us boys into service, and we went very loathfully, at least I did. I got hold of farm life some way—all ways, in fact. I might not have made use of it if I had been closer to it than this. * * *

"Sometimes some real country boy gives me the round turn on some farm points. For instance, here comes one stepping up to me:—'You never lived on a farm,' he says. 'Why not?' says I. 'Well,' he says, 'a turkey-cock gobbles, but he don't ky-ouck as your poetry says.' He had me right there. It's the turkey-hen that ky-oucks. 'Well, you'll never hear another turkey-cock of mine ky-ouckin',' says I.

"But generally I hit on the right symbols. I get the frost on the pumpkin and the fodder in the shock; and I see the frost on the old axe they split the pumpkins with for feed, and I get the smell of the fodder and the cattle, so that it brings up the right picture in the mind of the reader. I don't know how I do it. It ain't me." His voice took on a deeper note, and his face shone with a strange sort of mysticism which often comes out in his earnest moments. He put his fingers to his lips in a descriptive gesture, as if he held a trumpet. 'I'm only the "willer" through which the whistle comes."

Boston Letter

A FEW WEEKS ago I had a line in *The Critic* to the effect that the Rev. Dr. George E. Ellis had informed the Massachusetts Historical Society that, in 1868, Francis Parkman placed in his hands a sealed manuscript, with instructions not to open it until after his death. That trust Dr. Ellis faithfully kept. After the decease of the historian, he read the paper, which proved to be autobiographical, to the members of the Society. The manuscript is worthy of careful study. Hitherto it has reached the eyes of less than one hundred people, who have access to the records of this famous old Boston Society. In the note which accompanies the paper, Mr. Parkman writes that he prepared it "from a desire to make known the extreme difficulties which have reduced to very small proportions what otherwise might have been a good measure of achievement. * * * My plan of life from the first was such as would have secured great bodily vigor in nineteen cases out of twenty, and was only defeated in its aim by an inborn irritability of constitution which required gentler treatment than I gave it." And then he adds:—"If I had my life to live over again, I would follow exactly the same course again, only with less vehemence."

The paper is an elaboration of what we have read on a small scale in Mr. Parkman's prefaces, but being designed for privacy during his life, it is much freer in expression and much more elaborate in detail. It seems to me one of the most pathetic biographies I ever read. Think, for instance, of a writer who, at the very height of his powers, was able to read only for one minute at a time, and then was obliged to rest through the next minute, continuing this alternate process only for half an hour, and being able to repeat that half hour's broken reading but three or four times in a day! It was under those laborious conditions that the paper from which I now quote was written. Alluding to his early days Mr. Parkman says (using always the third person):—

"His childhood was neither healthful nor buoyant. His boyhood, though for a time active, was not robust, and at the age of eleven or twelve he conceived a vehement liking for pursuits, a devotion to which at that time of life far oftener indicates a bodily defect than a mental superiority. Chemical experiment was his favorite hobby, and he pursued it with a tenacious eagerness which, well guided, would have led to some acquaintance with the rudiments of the science, but which, in fact, served little other purpose than injuring him by confinement, poisoning him with noxious gases, and occasionally scorching him with some ill-starred explosion. The age of fifteen or sixteen produced a revolution. At that momentous period of life retorts and crucibles were forever discarded, and an activity somewhat excessive took the place of voluntary confinement. A new passion seized him, which, but half gratified, still holds its force. He became enamored of the woods—a fancy which soon gained full control over the force of the literary pursuits to which he was also addicted."

As we all know, he had decided upon his life-work while at college, and in this paper he says that he reckoned the task would require about twenty years, adding, however, this pathetic line:—"The time allowed was ample; but here he fell into a fatal error, entering on this long pilgrimage with all the vehemence of one starting on a mile heat." Continuing, Mr. Parkman gives an analysis of the troubles that afflicted him. The rapid development of his frame had led him to believe that, by unsparing discipline, he

could harden himself into an athlete, and so, slighting the precautions of a more reasonable woodcraft, he would tire out old foresters with long marches, stopping neither for heat nor rain, and sleeping on the earth without a blanket. "Another cause added not a little to the growing evil," he says. "It was impossible that conditions of the nervous system abnormal as his had been from infancy, should be without their effects on the mind, and some of these were of a nature highly to exasperate him. Unconscious of their character and origin, and ignorant that with time and confirmed health they would have disappeared, he had no other thought than that of crushing them by force, and accordingly applied himself to the work. Hence resulted a state of mental tension, habitual for several years, and abundantly mischievous in its effects. With a mind overstrained and a body overtasked, he was burning his candle at both ends." And then he tells of his early days in the Rocky Mountains, when the disorder seized him that nearly brought an end to existence, the disorder that finally was only relieved by a system of starvation. Could there be a more striking yet simple picture of courage than that described in the following straightforward, unassuming lines?—"Joining the Indians, he followed their wanderings for several weeks. To have worn the airs of an invalid would certainly have been an indiscretion, since in that case a horse, a rifle, a pair of pistols and a red shirt might have offered temptations too strong for aboriginal virtue. Yet, to hunt buffalo on horseback, over a broken country, when, without the tonic of the chase, he could scarcely sit upright in a saddle, was not strictly necessary for maintaining the requisite prestige. The sport, however, was good, and the faith undoubting that, to tame the devil, it is best to take him by the horns."

And yet, the result of all this effort in the cause of history and literature was, as Mr. Parkman elsewhere declares, "a legion of mental tortures which make the torments of the Inferno seem endurable." He tells of the difficult way in which he carried out his work in later life. Constructing a wooden frame of the size and shape of a sheet of letter-paper, he had stout wires fixed horizontally across it, half an inch apart, and a movable back of thick pasteboard fitted behind them. The paper for writing was placed between the pasteboard and the wires, guided by which, and using a black lead crayon, he could write legibly with closed eyes. Notes were thus made by him, and afterwards deciphered and read to him, until he had mastered them; and yet, for the first half-year, he was able to write on an average not more than six lines a day. There is a touch of ironic amusement in the paragraph where he tells of his research into French literature, his reader of the French books of reference being a girl from the public schools, ignorant of any tongue but the English. Mr. Parkman's half-humorous, half-serious allusion to the efforts for his cure I will give in full:—"Meanwhile the Faculty of Medicine were not idle, displaying that exuberance of resource for which that remarkable profession is justly famed. The wisest, indeed, did nothing, commending his patient to time and faith; but the activity of his brethren made full amends for this masterly inaction. One was for tonics, another for a diet of milk; one counselled galvanism, another hydropathy; one scarred him behind the neck with nitric acid, another drew red-hot irons along his spine with a view of enlivening that organ. Opinion was divergent as practice. One assured him of recovery in six years; another thought that he would never recover. Another, with grave circumlocution, lest the patient should take fright, informed him that he was the victim of an organic disease of the brain which must needs despatch him to another world within a twelvemonth; and he stood amazed at the smile of an auditor who neither cared for the announcement or believed it. Another, an eminent physiologist of Paris, after an acquaintance of three months, told him one day that from the nature of the disorder, he had at first supposed that it must, in accordance with precedent, be attended by insanity, and that he had ever since been studying him to discover in what form the supposed aberration declared itself, adding, with a somewhat humorous look, that his researches had not been rewarded with the smallest success."

I have room only for an item or two of news. The authors' reading at the Hollis Street Theatre, last Thursday, for the benefit of the suffering poor, was a great success. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe presided, and Dr. Hale, "Mark Twain," Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, "Yawcob Strauss," Col. T. W. Higginson, Judge Grant, James Jeffrey Roche, Arlo Bates and Miss Louise Imogen Guiney all took part. Miss Guiney, I may add, has received her commission as Postmaster of Auburndale, and assumes her duties this week.

Even the home of Whittier is not safe from thieves. They broke into the house at Oak Knoll, Danvers, last week, and took property to the value of \$300 from Mrs. A. J. Woodman and the Misses Johnson, who occupy the house. The rascals also ransacked Whittier's studio and desk.

BOSTON, 30 Jan., 1894.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

Chicago Letter

IT IS UNFORTUNATE that a decision in regard to the future of the Thomas Orchestra must be made in these days of financial depression, for the outcome is thereby rendered uncertain. In ordinary times, Mr. Thomas would unquestionably receive enthusiastic support and encouragement; and even as it is, it is not conceivable that a city so proudly tenacious of its privileges as this should give up the prize it succeeded in wresting from the East more than two years ago. If Mr. Thomas is actually permitted to accept one of the offers he has received from Eastern cities, it will be an unprecedented and unpardonable lapse on our part, for it would retard the city's development in the direction of culture by ten years at least. No one can estimate the intellectual value of these concerts, but the development of a devoted constituency is some indication of it. Mr. Thomas has succeeded in educating his audiences to silence, which is in itself a triumph, and he has steadily strengthened their appreciation of the noblest music. There has been some clamoring for programs such as he gave us at the summer-night concerts years ago; but, as one of the guarantors recently said, they would not in the least satisfy us now. We have grown beyond them.

When Mr. Thomas came to Chicago two years ago last October, fifty public-spirited men guaranteed the expenses of the concerts for three years. At that time it was generally believed that they would be self-supporting, but that was an illusion. The standard maintained has been so high, and the expenses of the great orchestra consequently so heavy, that there was a deficit of about fifty thousand dollars at the end of each of the two seasons already finished. But this is in no way remarkable, for no such organization has ever been self-supporting in this country, and even the Boston Symphony Orchestra would fare badly had it not been endowed by Mr. Henry Higginson. Nevertheless, the concerts are attended by large and appreciative audiences, and they have come to mean so much in our lives that the thought of losing them is not a pleasant one. During each season twenty concerts are given in the Auditorium on Saturday evenings, these being preceded by public rehearsals on Friday afternoons. The orchestra has been so admirably trained by its indefatigable leader, that it probably now has no superior in the world. It is the only perfect thing we possess. The Art Institute, the Newberry Library and the Columbian Museum are only good beginnings; the Public Library, though much further advanced, is still far from complete; but the Thomas Orchestra is a finished thing,—perfect enough to rank with anything of its kind in existence, superb enough to be a thrilling inspiration to the community of which it is a part. For this reason, and because Chicago has never yet relinquished the fruits of a victory once won, or retrograded from an artistic position once taken, it is almost certain that the orchestra will be retained. The city's pride alone would carry it through.

Since these concerts began, the audiences have perceptibly changed in character, and the transformation has been not so much in the personnel of the listeners as in their appreciation. The attentive silence of the audiences is even a greater compliment than the enthusiastic applause with which they greet the greatest music. And even in the boxes, where the fashionable elements most do congregate, talking during the music is conspicuously frowned down. There is a change, too, in the quality of the music that is most popular. Wagner programs always call out the largest audiences, and Beethoven night is almost as successful. Some one who complained recently that Thomas did not perform enough popular music was asked for his idea of such music. He replied that the *Andante* from Beethoven's Fifth Symphony represented his idea of popular music. With compositions of that calibre, I think, we would all be content.

The Field Columbian Museum, as it seems destined to be called, is so far under way that the Art Building at Jackson Park is filled with its possessions, many of which have already been placed in position. So generous have been the donations to it that there will not be too much room in the great structure for their proper installation. Mr. F. J. V. Skiff, who was chief of the Mining Department at the Fair, is superintending the arrangement, and his ability and experience make him a valuable man in this position. He expects to open the museum to the public by the first of May, and so interesting are the collections received that it will probably attract many visitors. St. Gaudens's great statue of Columbus has been placed in the central court, under the dome, a kind of focus for the splendid tributes which have been offered in his name. A new Board of Trustees was recently elected, a number of men who were unable to give the requisite time to the project having resigned. At present, therefore, the officers are, President, Edward E. Ayer; Vice-Presidents, Martin A. Ryerson and Norman B. Ream; Secretary, Ralph Metcalf; Treasurer, Byron L. Smith; and Trustees, H. A. Higginbotham, Norman Williams,

O. F. Aldis, C. H. McCormick, W. J. Chalmers, G. E. Adams, Watson Blair, Marshall Field, Jr., Edwin Walker, H. W. Jackson, G. Manierre and A. B. Jones.

The Art Institute is preparing an interesting exhibition for the first of February. The remarkable collection of arms and armor, which was shown in the German Castle at the Fair, will be one part of it; and in adjoining rooms Mr. Goward's fine collection of Japanese kakemonos will be hung.

The insult offered to the greatest American sculptor by the enlightened Secretary of the Treasury is of a piece with most of the acts of our Government when it meddles with things artistic. If one can believe the statement in the papers that he has ordered the design of the Exposition medal changed because of some fancied indelicacy, there is abundant cause for regret. It is too ridiculous, this interference, by men whose knowledge of finance is accompanied by a total ignorance of art, with a design made by an artist who stands at the very head of his profession. His name alone should have been enough to silence criticism.

CHICAGO, 30 Jan., 1894.

LUCY MONROE.

The Duyckinck Collection

THE VALUE of the Duyckinck collection, as now arranged on the shelves of the Lenox Library for the uses of the literary student, does not seem to be so generally known as it deserves, and a few words on this admirable "working library" may not be untimely at the present moment.

The excellence of the Lenox Library for historical research is well-known, and the Duyckinck collection gives it the same standing in the world of letters. The late Evert Augustus Duyckinck used the collection that bears his name in compiling, with his brother, the well-known "Cyclopædia of American Literature." It would have served them almost equally well in writing a cyclopædia of English literature had they been so minded.

To begin with, there is an extended edition of the "Cyclopædia" that is a library in itself. It has been "grangerized" with portraits, autograph letters, notes and signatures, making the work unique in value, from the literary as well as the material point of view. The collection of early American novels, now forgotten, or, when still remembered, unobtainable except here, is so large and complete that it should suggest to some diligent *littérateur* an interesting study on the subject of our fiction in the beginning of this century.

Several shelves are occupied by those useful and often interesting books that classify, label and index for us the wit, wisdom and wickedness, the aphorisms, anecdotes and proverbs in which great minds have crystallized their brilliancy. The drama, too, occupies several shelves, and is especially rich in biographical works. In this division are also found ten volumes of rare plates, gathered from innumerable sources, illustrating Shakespeare's plays. It may be added that the collection is very rich in prints and portraits, the latter including all countries and ages. One of Mr. Duyckinck's hobbies was the collecting of engravings by American artists, and they are to be seen here in a series of volumes representing nearly every name known in that branch of American art. A curiosity of this kind is the scrap-books of Alexander Anderson, the early American wood-engraver, containing proofs of all his works. The history of wood-engraving in this country is represented from its beginning to the present day.

The books illustrated by Cruikshank, including a complete set of the "Comic Almanac," bring us to the English part of the collection, which, as a matter of course, is rich in Shakespeariana, and in the other old dramatists and poets. Leigh Hunt's copy of Sismondi's "Historical View of the Literature of the South of Europe," with his notes on the margin, and early editions of Sterne, Swift and other English authors of the eighteenth century as well as original editions of Coleridge, Hunt, Shelley and Lamb, together with some very interesting Tennysoniana, Thackeray MSS., etc., form the features of this section, which returns to America via a volume of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's poems, with corrections, annotations and "notes for the printer" in the poet's own handwriting. This copy she sent to her American publishers to be used in bringing out the first edition of her poems on this side of the water.

The collection of autograph letters is kept separately, and every name prominent in American literature is represented by at least one epistle. In most cases the letters are accompanied by portraits taken from the periodicals of the day. Hawthorne's MS. of "The Old Manse" is bound with the following characteristic letter:—

"SALEM, Feb. 22nd, 1846.

"MY DEAR SIR:—At last I send you the copy for Part Second of the proposed collection; it will make, as near as I can calculate, just about 175 pages. I hope and fully believe that it will very soon be followed by the contents of Part first.

"I have bestowed much and solemn consideration upon the title of the book. 'Wall Flowers from an Old Abbey' occurred to me;—but it is too fine. 'Moss and Lichens from an Old Parsonage':—that does not go off trippingly enough. 'Mosses from an Old Manse' suits me rather better; and if my wife agrees with me, so shall the book be christened. I will tell you in the post-script. All these titles, you perceive, refer to our old Owl's Nest at Concord, where all but three or four of the tales were written, and to which the introductory article will refer.

"Have you looked over the Dartmoor [?] papers?—and do you reject them? They certainly have spirit and novelty. Truly yours,

"NATH. HAWTHORNE.

"P.S.—We decide on 'Mosses from an Old Manse'."

Hawthorne is represented also by a copy, without title-page, of his first book, "Fanshawe"—one of the most interesting volumes in the collection,—and by first editions of his other books.

Periodical literature is represented by complete sets of various American and English publications, including some of early dates. Sets of *The Literary World* and of *Arcturus* (1840-42), with both of which Duyckinck was connected, and of *The Dial* and *The Retrospective Review*, may be consulted by the student of literary journalism.

This sketch indicates only a few of the treasures found on the shelves devoted to this collection, which is a storehouse of information for the student of American literature, an inexhaustible source of monographs, studies and essays. Duyckinck's careful annotations, suggestive and to the point, double, it may be said, the practical value of the collection, which is rich also in the classics, Horace alone being represented by nearly one hundred editions in Latin and translations old or recent.

The erudite librarians of the Lenox have arranged the collection in such a way as to emphasize its usefulness and to make its treasures most easy of access. An afternoon spent under their guidance is one to be remembered, not only for the pleasure it gives, but also for the knowledge it cannot fail to impart.

Mr. Lang on Prof. Jowett

THE RECENT DEATH of Prof. Jowett, the Master of Balliol, called forth columns of biographical sketches and anecdotes of him in the English papers. Among these there was no more appreciative paper than that written by Andrew Lang and printed in *The Illustrated London News*. In the course of this paper Mr. Lang said:—

"My first acquaintance with the Master of Balliol was made in the heather, somewhere on the slopes of the Table of Lorne. I remember a face of peculiar sweetness and gentleness, under hair which was bleached long before its natural day. The portrait of Mr. Jowett by the elder Richmond is a good, if a somewhat softened representation of him as he was in those distant years. Later, his features naturally became less mild and smooth, and perhaps the best likeness of him is that in chalk by M. Laugé. He always retained the comparative youthfulness which goes with a round countenance and small features. There was always in him something unexpectedly and almost discordantly cherubic. His look could express cheerful amusement or sympathy, or disapproval, but perhaps, when he seemed to disapprove, his fancy was really absent; he was not attending, but thinking of other matters. They knew the Master best who knew him longest. As a young tutor at Balliol he had many junior friends and pupils, some of them commemorated in Principal Shairp's poem on Balliol scholars. Many of these died before their old friend and tutor: such were Mr. Matthew Arnold, Mr. Walrond, Mr. Lancaster, Prof. Sellar, Sir Alexander Grant. Of living men of the elder generation, his pupil and fellow-worker in Plato, Prof. Campbell, doubtless knew him most intimately. But he was always making new friends among men, women, and children; and each would see him at a peculiar angle and in a fresh light. Perhaps no one now living remembers him as an undergraduate, as a young tutor, and as the head of a great college. To some he is the theologian who was reckoned heretical; to others the assiduous student, who was not to be daunted, who would never leave hold of his work, in face of the near shape of death. Others, again, remember him best as the Master, the Vice-Chancellor, his time much devoured by 'meetings' and committees. He was an assiduous attendant of these gatherings, which to others seemed a waste of a scholar's span, but he took them as a matter of duty.

"Many knew the Master as a host, or as a guest in town or country; for he mysteriously found time for everything. As a younger man, certainly, he borrowed many hours from the night. A friend tells me that as an undergraduate he hardly knew Mr. Jowett, who, meeting him on the staircase, offered to help him with his work, and, on consulting his tablets, found that his only unoccupied hour was between one and two o'clock in the morning! He was prodigal of his time, of his labor, and, it must be added, of his money in

the service of others. No mortal knows the extent of his gifts: what he owned he seemed to hold in trust for the service of scholars, of scholarship, and of the college. Living, he would have strongly disliked any allusion to these good deeds; nor, now that he is gone, can we break further through the fence of his reserve. To the world of readers he was among the first of benefactors, for he made Plato speak nearly as golden a tongue in English as in Greek. * * *

"His taste in literature was solid and classical; it would have been unreasonable to expect him to read all the books which his pupils, when they took to letters, laid at his feet. He believed in 'the great work,' but it is not everyone who can write a great work, and still less, when written, would a *magnum opus* have necessarily numbered the Master among its students. Yet, to have won his full approval and interest would have been a prize beyond any that general success could offer. The Master has gone; we shall never see such another. He is mourned by more friends, perhaps, of ranks and ages more various, than any other man of his day. From the Laureate and Mr. Browning to the youngest freshman, or to the children of his old or younger pupils, all who really knew him loved him. But, to be loved, he needed to be known."

Music

Current Musical Matters

THOSE WHO look upon art as something more than a mere amusement must find a great deal of food for reflection in the current season of grand opera at the Metropolitan Opera House. The resolute efforts of the management to induce the public to accept what it does not want are in some respects past understanding. Indeed, they would be wholly so, were it not a well-known fact that amusement managers are slower to profit by experience than any other class of business men in the world. During the week of opera which ended on Jan. 28, there was sufficient evidence of the state of public taste to form a basis for the conviction that, for the present at any rate, the old-fashioned ornamental opera is dead. On Monday night of that week, "Carmen," a work which throbs with passionate vitality, which is dramatic in the highest and best sense of the word and beautifully musical, was performed before an audience which crowded the house to its utmost capacity. It will not do to say that this audience was drawn wholly by Mme. Calvé, yet to say even that would be to confess that the attractive power was purely dramatic. The force which attracted the audience was excited by both the opera and the cast. On Wednesday night, Rossini's "Semiramide" was performed with a cast quite as good as the opera could have; yet, though it was only the second night of the work, the house was not more than two-thirds full.

The lesson of this contrast is a simple one. "Semiramide," from an artistic point-of-view, is indefensible. There is no connection between the music and the libretto, nor is there any organic unity in the music itself. There is a similarity of style in the various numbers, gained by the constant repetition of trills and scales; but it is heartless music, and it can be sung only in a heartless manner. So far as beauty of voice and perfection of delivery are concerned, Mme. Melba stands at the head of her profession. She has no living equal as an exponent of the art of singing. This fact has been stated over and over again in the daily papers. On Sundays the amusement columns are filled with her pictures, her praises and descriptions of her gowns. Nevertheless, the public usually refuses to go on the nights when she sings, and packs the auditorium when such dramatic works as "Carmen" and "Romeo and Juliet" are given. That it is not necessary to the success of the latter work to have Mme. Melba in the rôle of the heroine was demonstrated by the size of the house at last Saturday's matinee, when Mme. Eames sang Juliet. On the previous Friday evening, Mme. Melba had sung Lucia as no one else in the world can sing the part, yet there was only half a house.

These facts show that the public desires and will have only the real music-drama, performed by a good, general cast of competent artists. The sooner the managers of the Metropolitan Opera House get a good firm grasp on this truth, the sooner will they fill their coffers with the desirable coinage of the country. It may be added, as an annotation, that it must be extremely gratifying to some three or four high-minded critics of the daily press, who have for years been fighting the good fight for true art, to see that the public, consciously or unconsciously, is moving in the desired direction.

DR. C. ELLIS STEVENS'S "Sources of the Constitution of the United States" is the first book wholly devoted to the study of the Constitution's development from the historic past. It bears equally upon American and European problems, past and present, and incidentally furnishes an answer to the late Douglas Campbell's extreme position as to Dutch influences in America.

The Drama

Modjeska in "Magda"

THAT GREAT actress and finished artist, Helena Modjeska, began a brief engagement at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on Monday, with a domestic drama in four acts, called "Magda," which is a close but not entirely satisfactory version of Sudermann's "Heimath," a piece which has been the subject, lately, of a good deal of discussion. It tells the story of a young girl who, becoming weary of home discipline and the husband designed for her by parental authority, runs away and becomes the victim of a plausible villain, who ruins and then deserts her. Left to her own resources, she sinks lower still, but later on achieves fame as a singer, and finally returns to her native city, the vocal idol of the hour. Her old lover, now a clergyman, who never has abandoned hope of a reconciliation, paves the way for her return to her old home, where she is received with eager affection. She, however, is less tractable now than she was years ago. Her experience in life has transformed her into a wilful, imperious, luxurious and selfish creature, wholly incapable of appreciating the home life so sacred in the eyes of her father, or of recognizing paternal authority. The society in which she finds herself is wholly strange to her, and her first impulse is to beat a rapid retreat. But, in the end, she is induced by the clergyman to remain, on the condition that no one shall question her about her past career. It is soon apparent that this pledge cannot be kept. Her father's suspicions are aroused by a variety of circumstances, and he insists upon knowing whether her life has been respectable or not. In this emergency she confesses her original fault and the name of her seducer, whereupon the old man sends for the offender and compels him to offer reparation by marriage. Magda, however, refuses absolutely to unite herself with a man whom she now hates and despises, and, at last, when her father threatens to kill her if she persists in her determination, she in sheer desperation declares that she has sinned with more men than one and is not fit to be a wife. The shock of this confession is too much for the old man, who drops dead, the curtain falling upon a scene of unrelieved despair.

An allegory, concerning the rebellious spirit of the rising generation, is supposed to be concealed in this tale, but it is not necessary to search it out or discuss it. The theme is obviously an old one, common to all times and peoples, and has no particular significance now that it has not had before. It is treated with a little more frankness than could have been tolerated a few years ago, but is not itself changed. Much of the enthusiasm that has been expended upon the piece is unmerited and superfluous. The story is a good one, and is carried out to a logical and impressive conclusion, but it is related in clumsy and prolix fashion, and is undeniably dull in many places. Fortunately the character of Magda is drawn with considerable skill and power, and provides an admirable opportunity for the display of Madame Modjeska's art in some of its most delicate aspects. Nothing could be better than her assumption of the spoiled popular favorite. Her confident air, sparkling vivacity, imperious ways, graceful gesture and wayward restlessness were all strongly indicative of a woman playing a part, and with a hidden suffering beneath the outward affectation of freedom and happiness. The manner in which she gradually laid aside the actress, as she listened to the pleadings of the clergyman, and became the natural woman with her burden of grief and shame, was acting of the very finest kind. In the scene with the seducer, Von Keller, her scorn and passion were admirably true, and in the closing scenes with her father she excited profound interest and compassion. Mr. Otis Skinner, considering his limited experience in elderly parts, played the father fairly well, albeit somewhat stiffly. The strong part of the parson was ruined by Howard Kyle's monotonous preaching. Other characters do not call for individual comment.

French Comedy

OF THE THREE new characters in which M. Coquelin has appeared in Abbey's Theatre during the last week or ten days—Moulinet in "Le Maître de Forges," Petruccio in "La Mégère Apprivoisée" and Henri Duval in "Les Surprises du Divorce"—the most important was his Petruccio, an impersonation over which there has been considerable controversy, more, indeed, than the subject warranted. There can be no doubt that it differs radically from the conception of Petruccio handed down through generations of players by the traditions of the English stage, but tradition is not always right, and the character is not of such sacred importance that it must not be played in more ways than one. Moreover, "La Mégère Apprivoisée" is not a translation of "The Taming of the Shrew," but a free adaptation from the ordinary acting version, with some incidents modified, others omitted and new matter inserted in their place. The author, M. Delair, was not in-

spired, apparently, by any particular reverence for Shakespeare, but thought that the story of Katharina could be made serviceable for the French stage, and appropriated just so much of it as suited his purpose. He certainly has not spoiled it by his treatment of it, but has made it rather more sympathetic and reasonable, by depicting his hero as less of a tyrant and more of a gentleman. There is no suspicion of weakness or irresolution in M. Coquelin's Petruchio. His decision is as prompt, his will as indomitable and his courage as gallant as could be wished, but, instead of meeting violence with violence, he opposes to it a smiling imperturbability, upon which anger expends itself in vain. To the scorn and fury of the Shrew he presents a courteous front, and her railings have no other effect upon him than that of curiosity or amusement. All his roughness, which is plainly assumed, is displayed towards the servants and others, and when his wife has been tamed by the unwelcome solicitude which will not let her eat or sleep, she has no good cause for complaint against him on the score of personal conduct. On the whole this conception seems to be more reasonable than the old one, and it undoubtedly gives the play something it had not before, a touch of human sympathy. The scene in which Petruchio ministers, by means of wraps and pillows, to the comfort of Katharina, who has fallen asleep through sheer exhaustion, is admirably effective. As for M. Coquelin's performance, that was perfect, from his own and M. Delair's point of view, full of vigor, assurance and grace, and uncommonly rich in humor. The Katharina of Madame Hading was over-violent in the first act, but exceedingly clever in the later scenes, especially in the gradual softening of manner and the final collapse of all rebellion in a flow of tears. Her acting through all the closing episodes was thoroughly judicious and skilful.

Of course M. Coquelin gave a broadly humorous sketch of the parvenu Moulinet, but the performance made no heavy demand upon his resources and does not require minute comment. It was at once comic and human. Madame Hading was seen to great advantage as Claire, displaying much genuine emotion in the trying scene in the second act. This was her chief triumph of the week. In "Les Surprises du Divorce" she did not appear, but in this lively and audacious farce M. Coquelin needs no reinforcement. His Duval was one of his great hits here five years ago and is every bit as comical now as it was then. His encounter with Madame Bonivard in the second act caused roars of laughter as usual, and there was not a dull moment in the whole performance. The play itself, although very clever, is abominable in spots, and the offence is all the worse for being deliberate and malicious.

Rosina Vokes

THE DEATH of Rosina Vokes, which has just been reported from England, would have been a heavy loss at any time, but is especially grievous now, when there are so few actors upon the stage who can be amusing without resource to buffoonery. Miss Vokes was never a great or even an accomplished actress, in the strictest sense of the words, but she was full of the spirit of fun, knew how to be genuinely comic without the least trace of vulgarity, and afforded better, heartier and more healthful entertainment than almost any other woman of her time. She came of theatrical stock, and was born in London, about forty years ago. In her early days she seems to have been in charge of an aunt, a Mrs. Field, who encouraged her in her predilection for the stage and taught her the rudiments of the profession. She, her elder sister Victoria, and her brother Fred, made their first essay, in pantomime, before the footlights in the English provinces, and were so successful that it was not long before they secured a London engagement. They appeared in Drury Lane, and became popular favorites at once. In 1870 the three were joined by Jessie Vokes, a cousin, and a dancer named Fawdon, and the five combined to produce an extravaganza called "The Belles of the Kitchen," which was one of the best pieces of its kind ever put together. Victoria sang, Fred danced and Rosina did a little of everything, filling the whole stage with merriment and mischief. Her fun was of the most spontaneous and infectious sort, and her laughter was as the ripple of water in the sunshine. In course of time the party crossed the ocean and appeared in the Union Square Theatre, where they were received with enthusiasm. The house was crowded for months, and successive engagements in other farcical pieces proved wonderfully prosperous. Misfortune, however, overtook the organization. Fred, after losing all the money that had been made, died, and soon afterwards Jessie followed him. Rosina was married to Cecil Clay, and retired, but could not remain in seclusion, and finally returned to the stage as a star. For many years she paid annual visits to this city and of late had made a specialty of little pieces like "My Milliner's Bill," "A Pantomime Rehearsal," "A Lesson in Love," etc., in which her powers of mimicry, her quaint humor, her exquisite dancing and her admirable comic singing were displayed to the best advantage. Her personality was delightfully bright and sym-

pathetic, and to the last she was a prime public favorite. She was smitten with consumption at the beginning of the winter, while acting in this country, and hastened home in search of health, but, from the first, her recovery was hopeless.

The Fine Arts

Art Notes

A VERY interesting exhibition of lithographs and other works by Raffet, the pupil and successor of Charlet as the illustrator of the French Army, is open at Keppel's gallery. The impressions and drawings belong to Mr. Atherton Curtis, who has written a short introduction to Mr. Keppel's catalogue. Among the lithographs shown are a dozen early drawings, including several plates of Waterloo. There are eight plates of the "Siege of Constantine"; the series of the "Voyage en Russie," 1837-48; the "Siege of Rome," and fine proofs of the artist's most celebrated prints, the "Combat d'Oued-Alleg," with a French regiment at the charge; "Le Réveil," a drummer waking up the dead soldiers; and "La Revue Nocturne" of all the dead Cæsars with their troops. Among the water-colors and other drawings are some very spirited sketches of cuirassiers fencing. A few excellent lithographs by Gavarni are also on view.

—Mr. Henry Mosler, the American artist who has lived for so many years in Paris, has decided to return to this country with his family for permanent residence.

—The third course of the Columbia College Lectures, to be given at the Metropolitan Museum of Art on the four Saturdays beginning Feb. 3, will be on Greek Art, and will be delivered by Prof. A. C. Merriam, Ph.D. The lectures will begin at 11 A.M., and will be illustrated. No tickets of admission are required.

—A number of landscapes, painted in the Narragansett country, by A. van Boskerck, and a series of portraits, by A. Muller-Ury, will be on exhibition, Feb. 1-15, at Knoedler's.

—The Senate Committee which has achieved fame by its objections to Mr. St. Gaudens's World's Fair medal will undoubtedly carry the day, and the artist be notified to make a new design or amend the old one. Mr. St. Gaudens has declared that, rather than have his original model spoiled by another's hand, he himself will make the alterations that will bring it down to the level of Senatorial art perception. It is said that other artists are preparing models for a new medal, to be presented to the Government without charge, that they may win the doubtful glory of Senatorial approval.

—The twenty-seventh annual exhibition of the American Watercolor Society will be held, from Feb. 5 to March 3, at the National Academy of Design.

—Martin Millmore's bust of Charles Sumner, which Mrs. George William Curtis has offered to the Senate, was originally presented to the late Mr. Curtis by the Legislature of Massachusetts, in commemoration of his oration on Sumner. He sent it to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where it remained until recently. Senator Hoar will make the presentation for Mrs. Curtis.

Notes

THE energetic efforts, made by the friends of letters and learning, to have books printed in English put on the free list in the Wilson bill, have failed. Representative Dr. William Everett of Massachusetts took charge of the cause in the House, but as he says in a letter to the President of Amherst College, "I found very early that it was almost impossible for me to get in the amendment for free books in time—and so it ultimately proved."

—A new collection of Mr. Thomas Hardy's "Wessex Tales" will appear this month. Of "Tess" over twenty-two thousand copies have been sold in England.

—Mr. F. Marion Crawford's new novel will deal with life in New York among the upper classes, after the manner of the Saracinesca stories of life in Rome. The book will be illustrated by a New York artist, Mr. Alfred Brennan. Prof. J. McKeen Cattell has in preparation "A Course in Experimental Psychology," which will be published by Macmillan & Co.

—Mr. Theodore Tilton is bringing out, at the Oxford Press, a new edition of his volume of poems, "The Chameleon's Dish," the first edition of which appeared last summer in Paris. A new preface, many footnotes and several new poems have been added to it.

—Alma-Tadema's two daughters have prepared a love-story for a future number of *Harper's*, one of them being the writer of the story, while the other is its illustrator.

—Another case of fatuous plagiarism: Miss Grace Denio Litchfield's poem "Good-by," which was published in *The Century* for January, 1884, appears in the *Washington Evening News* of Jan.

24, 1894, over the name of "Hattie Fay Townley" and under the words "For *The Evening News*." The title is changed to "Just Good-by."

—Mr. Moncure D. Conway is spending a month or two in Paris, at work on his new edition of the works of Thomas Paine, the first volume of which has just appeared.

—*The Critic's* London correspondent, Mr. Arthur Waugh, has been engaged as assistant-editor of *The New Review*, which will be illustrated in the future. Mr. Grove, the editor, proposes to introduce several new features.

—The late Mr. Henry Vizetelly left the materials for a further series of his reminiscences. He still had to tell the story of his career from the time of the Franco-German war to his retirement subsequent to the Zola prosecution. This task will now be undertaken by his son Ernest, who was his constant companion, not only in Paris during the siege and Commune, but also on all his travels. The new volume will contain a full account of Mr. Vizetelly's prosecution for publishing translations of M. Zola's novels.

—Among the prices paid at the Seney Library sale at Bangs & Co.'s auction-rooms last week were \$26 for an illustrated copy of "Madame Bovary"; \$12 each for two of the Grolier Club's publications; and \$58 for Racinet's "Ornement Polychrome." The last book sold was an illustrated copy of "Nana," which brought \$26.

—The Catalogue of the Library of the late Thomas Francis Donnelly of Brooklyn has just been issued by Bangs & Co., who will offer it for sale at their auction-rooms on Feb. 12, 13, 14, 15 and 16. The titles, numbering over 2000, range from *belles-lettres* to biography, history and travel, and include Shakespeariana, Americana, English poetry and bibliography, as well as works on the Civil War. There are many extra-illustrated books, works on the art of book-binding, several of the Grolier Club's publications, and copies of large-paper and limited editions.

—Col. John Hay passed through Paris recently on his way to Italy, after an extended tour through Spain. Our Minister to Italy, Mr. Potter, gave a dinner in his honor on Jan. 25.

—Hodder & Stoughton of London have bought out an illustrated edition of Mr. E. Irenæus Stevenson's story, "Left to Themselves; or, The Ordeal of Philip and Gerald," under the altered title of "Philip and Gerald; or, Left to Themselves." The story appeared in this country some time ago.

—Octave Feuillet's widow is about to publish two volumes of "Souvenirs," which are said to be delightful.

—"Our Dorothy" is the title of a book of verse by "M. A. W.," describing the advent of a foundling in a family. But the mother of the household did not take care of the adopted baby, her little daughter taking it instead of a doll, and learning to care for it as well as an older person might. Children who love "a real live baby" more than any imitation, no matter how clever its mechanism, will be interested in this story with its illustrations. It is published by F. Warne & Co.

—The San Francisco *Chronicle* published on Dec. 31 an illustrated "California's Midwinter International Exposition" number of 64 pages, to which prominent men and women in all parts of the country contributed.

—It is rumored that Mr. James Whitcomb Riley has in mind the writing of a realistic Hoosier drama.

—The following courses of lectures will be given at Columbia College:—On the four Fridays beginning Feb. 9, Prof. Henry Fairfield Osborn will lecture on "Problems of Modern Evolution," and on March 9, 16, 22, 30 and April 6, Dr. Frederick S. Lee will present the recent results of the "Comparative Physiology of the Nervous System." Tickets will be issued without charge on application to the Secretary of the President, Columbia College.

—Mr. James Creelman has resigned his position on the editorial staff of the *Herald*, to take charge of *The Cosmopolitan's* London office.

—The anniversary of Robert Burns's birth was celebrated in the usual fashion by the Scotch in this city on the evening of Jan. 25. The New York Scottish Society commemorated the day with speeches, recitations and music at Carnegie Music Hall, and the New York Caledonian Club held its annual "Burns Supper" at its club-house.

—An afternoon performance of Ibsen's "Ghosts" was given at the Garden Theatre on Jan. 25.

—The Columbian Memorial Shield, which was exposed in the German Department of the Liberal Arts Building at Chicago, will be presented to the Newark Free Public Library by the family of the late Dr. Abraham Coles of that city.

—Mr. Joseph Jefferson stayed in New York a few days last week, before going South for the rest of the winter. In an interview pub-

lished in the *Tribune*, he denied the rumor that he had retired, or intended to retire, from the stage. "I shall continue to act," he said, "just as long as I maintain the strength to do so. Let me say, once and for all, that I have had no intention of giving up my life's work."

—The Morse Lectures for 1894 will be delivered by the Rev. Dr. William Elliot Griffis, in the Adams Chapel of Union Theological Seminary, on Feb. 5, 6, 12, 13, 19, 20, 26 and 27. Dr. Griffis has chosen as his subject "The Religions of Japan," and will arrange his eight lectures as follows: "Primitive Faith in Dai Nippon"; "Shinto, the Way of the Gods"; "Confucianism in its Japanese Form"; "The Introduction of Northern Buddhism"; "Riyobu, or Mixed Buddhism"; "Buddhism in its Missionary Development"; "Buddhism in its Doctrinal Evolutions," and "Christianity of the Seventeenth and Nineteenth Centuries in Japan." The lecturer was formerly Professor in the Imperial University of Japan.

—Gerald Charles Dickens, second son of Mr. Henry Fielding Dickens, Q.C., and a grandson of Charles Dickens, has just entered the English Navy. All the grandsons of Dickens bear the name of Charles.

—A committee of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae has prepared a table showing the sums of money given, since 1880, by women to colleges for men only, for women only, and for men and women together. During this period, women have given five times as much for the education of men alone as for that of women, and twice as much to men's colleges as to women's colleges and mixed colleges together. All this in spite of the fact that Vassar College was founded so long ago as 1865.

—Henry Holt & Co. are the American publishers of "A Short History of the Renaissance in Italy," taken from the work of John Addington Symonds by Lieut.-Col. Alfred Pearson. The English edition of the work was imported by Charles Scribner's Sons in December, and reviewed in our issue of Jan. 27.

—In our London Letter, last week, mention was made of Mr. Sydney Grundy's new play, its name being erroneously given as "An Old Saw." It should have been "An Old Jew."

—The first number of a quarterly magazine of bibliography will be published in London in March. It will consist of a series of papers by writers of authority on various points of book-lore. A novel departure has been taken in fixing beforehand that the magazine is only to last for three years, ending, no matter what its success, with the appearance of the twelfth number in December, 1896. Subscribers will thus know from the first when their set will be complete. Among the contributors will be Austin Dobson, Dr. Copinger, Andrew Lang, Fairfax Murray, Octave Uzanne, William Morris, Charles Elton and Maunde Thompson.

—Mr. Kipling intends to visit England in the spring. His popularity there is indicated by a sale of 21,000 copies of his "Barrack-Room Ballads."

—*The Southern Magazine* has in its January number a carefully prepared paper, by William Baird, on "The South in the Intellectual Development of the United States." Mr. Baird makes a good showing for the South, concluding his essay with the remark that "the society which can point as its chosen type and representative in the eighteenth century to Washington, and in the nineteenth to Lee, has nothing to fear from any other, ancient or modern."

—Mr. James Schouler has decided to extend his "History of the United States under the Constitution" by a sixth volume, to embrace the Civil War and Lincoln's administration.

—How rich this country is in poets can only be realized by the "constant reader" of *The Magazine of Poetry*. From month to month it teems with tuneful song—usually reprinted from other sources, but sometimes written expressly for its pages. The desire of the present day for portraits—"human documents," Mr. McClure calls them—is gratified in this periodical. Its January number contains no less than thirteen pictures of American poets, among them those of the late David Gray, Bessie Chandler, Bishop A. Cleveland Coxe, Walter Storrs Bigelow and Prof. Henry A. Beers of Yale. Admirers of Anna Katharine Green will be interested to learn that she can write lyrics as well as absorbing detective stories.

—S. C. Griggs & Co. will issue on Feb. 10 "The Union Pacific Railway: A Study in Railway Politics, History and Economics," by John P. Davis.

—The first of two receptions in aid of the New York Kindergarten Association was held at Sherry's on Monday evening. Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin read an original story, "Tom, the Blueberry Boy," and Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith "Sketches of Life in Venice"; after the readings Mrs. Wiggin and Mr. Smith sold each other's manuscripts at auction, each bringing \$85. Mlle. Guercia sang,

and Mr. Carl Schurz made a speech. The second reception will be held on the afternoon of Feb. 8, when Bishop Potter will speak, Mme. Arnoldson sing, and Mr. Willard give a series of recitations. This will be Mr. Willard's last public appearance in New York for several seasons, as he stated in his farewell speech at the Garden Theatre on Jan. 27 that, owing to ill health, he would have to take a long rest, but would visit us again in 1896.

A book that promises to have a wide reading, and which will attract more intelligent attention to-day than it would have done a few years ago, will soon be published by the Harpers. It is called "The Jewish Question, and the Mission of the Jews," and its author aims to show what the Jewish Question really is, dwelling particularly upon "The Mission of the Jews," and also considering "The Social Position of the Jews in the Middle Ages and Modern Times," "Hebrew Societies," "Money and the Jews," and other phases of the history of this remarkable people. In the closing chapter considerable space is devoted to the views expressed by M. Leroy-Beaulieu in his new book, "Israel Chez les Nations."

"Sir Edwin Arnold," says Mr. Talcott Williams in *Book News*, "managed to create as many misconceptions by his 'Light of Asia' as have been raised by any one book in a generation. This was partly Sir Edwin's fault, and more the fault of his readers, who forgot that they were reading a poem and that there are broad gaps between what is taught by the founder of a religion, what is believed by his disciples, and what the man who accepts his religion practises."

The Lenox Library has secured, by purchase, a very important collection of American newspapers, comprising over 300 volumes, beginning with the first number printed by Benjamin Franklin in 1729, and coming down to the Civil War of 1861-65. Pennsylvania is represented by 43 volumes of *The Pennsylvania Gazette*, 1729-85, by 23 volumes of *The Pennsylvania Journal*, 1752-75, and by half a dozen others; New York by five or six journals, from Bradford's *New York Gazette* and Zenger's *New York Journal*, both of 1733, to the beginning of the present century; South Carolina by a paper of 1744; Virginia by one of 1751-52; New Jersey by one of 1779-82, and New England by about a dozen, mostly dating from before the year 1800. A large part of the collection, but not all, was made by Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet of this city.

Macmillan & Co. will shortly publish a new volume by Mr. Alfred Austin, "England's Darling, and Other Poems." The name "England's darling" is that by which Alfred the Great was, Mr. Austin thinks, for centuries best known to the English people. His "The Garden that I Love," which has been appearing in *The National Review*, will be republished in the course of the year in an illustrated volume.

Commenting on the holiday trade in books this season and the numerous complaints about it made by booksellers, *The Publishers' Weekly* remarks:—"We are frequently told that a bookseller can't afford to advertise. He might as reasonably argue that he can't afford to buy food. One is as necessary to the life of his business as the other is to the life of his body. Such objectors might take to heart the statement made by a recent bankrupt:—'Had I used printers' ink to advertise my present location and wares, I would not have had to suspend.' In other words, had his foresight been as good as his hindsight, he would not have come to grief. It is extraordinary that this lesson must be impressed so often on business men, and that it is so little remembered."

The Free Parliament

Communications must be accompanied by the names and addresses of correspondents, not necessarily for publication. In referring to any question, correspondents are requested to give its number.

QUESTIONS.

1736.—Is there any one index under a single alphabet to all the volumes of "The Encyclopædia Britannica?"

NEW YORK.

X.

[Vol. XXV. is an index to the 24 volumes. (Chas. Scribner's Sons, sheep \$6, cloth \$5.)]

1737.—What English translation of the older Dumas's works is considered the best?

PHILADELPHIA.

H. E.

[A very good translation is published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston. George Routledge & Sons, N. Y., also publish translations of Dumas's works.]

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